

The American
LEGION
M O N T H L Y

DECEMBER 1934

25 CENTS



• IRVING BACHELLER • HUGH WILEY •
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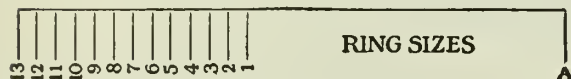
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For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion

DECEMBER, 1934



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COVER DESIGN: ON GUARD AT VALLEY FORGE
TO HIDE AND TO HOLD

THE TURNING TIDE

THE COMMAND IS STILL FORWARD
HOME GROAN

100,000 MILES WITHOUT A BICYCLE
WHILE THE WORLD LISTENS
THEY CALLED ME DAD

OUT OF THE DESERT—AN EMPIRE
NOT BY BREAD ALONE

FIVE FIRSTS—THERE WEREN'T ANY MORE
TWELVE RULES FOR TIRE HEALTH
POCKETS

BURSTS AND DUDS

ADVANCE MEN FOR SANTA CLAUS

SOUVENIRS AGAIN

THE VOICE OF THE LEGION

EDUCATION OF WAR ORPHANS

Decoration by William Heaslip

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TO HIDE *and* TO HOLD

by
Thomas J. Malone

Illustration by William Heaslip

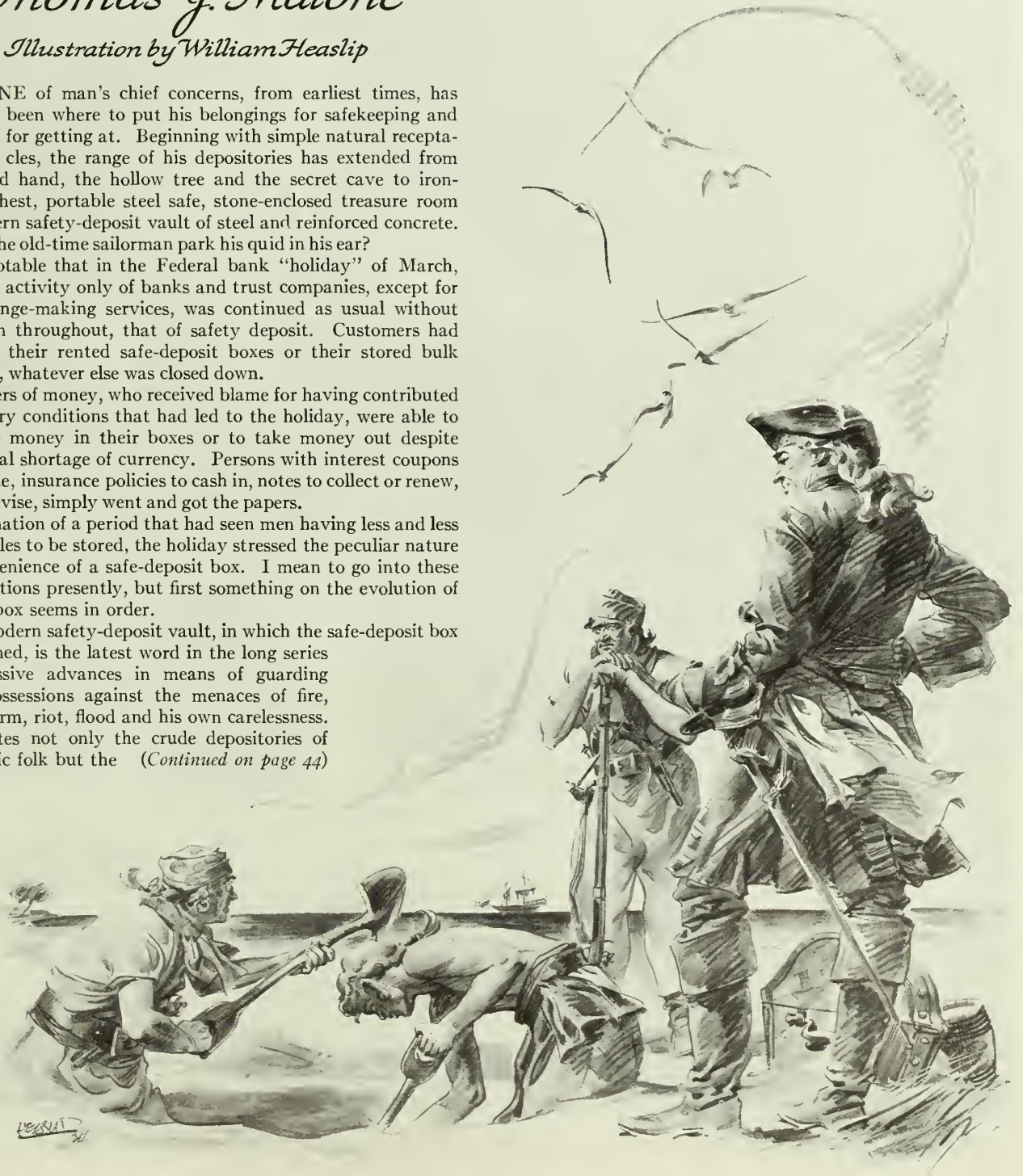
ONE of man's chief concerns, from earliest times, has been where to put his belongings for safekeeping and for getting at. Beginning with simple natural receptacles, the range of his depositories has extended from the closed hand, the hollow tree and the secret cave to iron-banded chest, portable steel safe, stone-enclosed treasure room and modern safety-deposit vault of steel and reinforced concrete. Did not the old-time sailorman park his quid in his ear?

It is notable that in the Federal bank "holiday" of March, 1933, one activity only of banks and trust companies, except for mere change-making services, was continued as usual without restriction throughout, that of safety deposit. Customers had access to their rented safe-deposit boxes or their stored bulk valuables, whatever else was closed down.

Hoarders of money, who received blame for having contributed to the very conditions that had led to the holiday, were able to put more money in their boxes or to take money out despite the general shortage of currency. Persons with interest coupons falling due, insurance policies to cash in, notes to collect or renew, wills to revise, simply went and got the papers.

Culmination of a period that had seen men having less and less of valuables to be stored, the holiday stressed the peculiar nature and convenience of a safe-deposit box. I mean to go into these considerations presently, but first something on the evolution of the safe box seems in order.

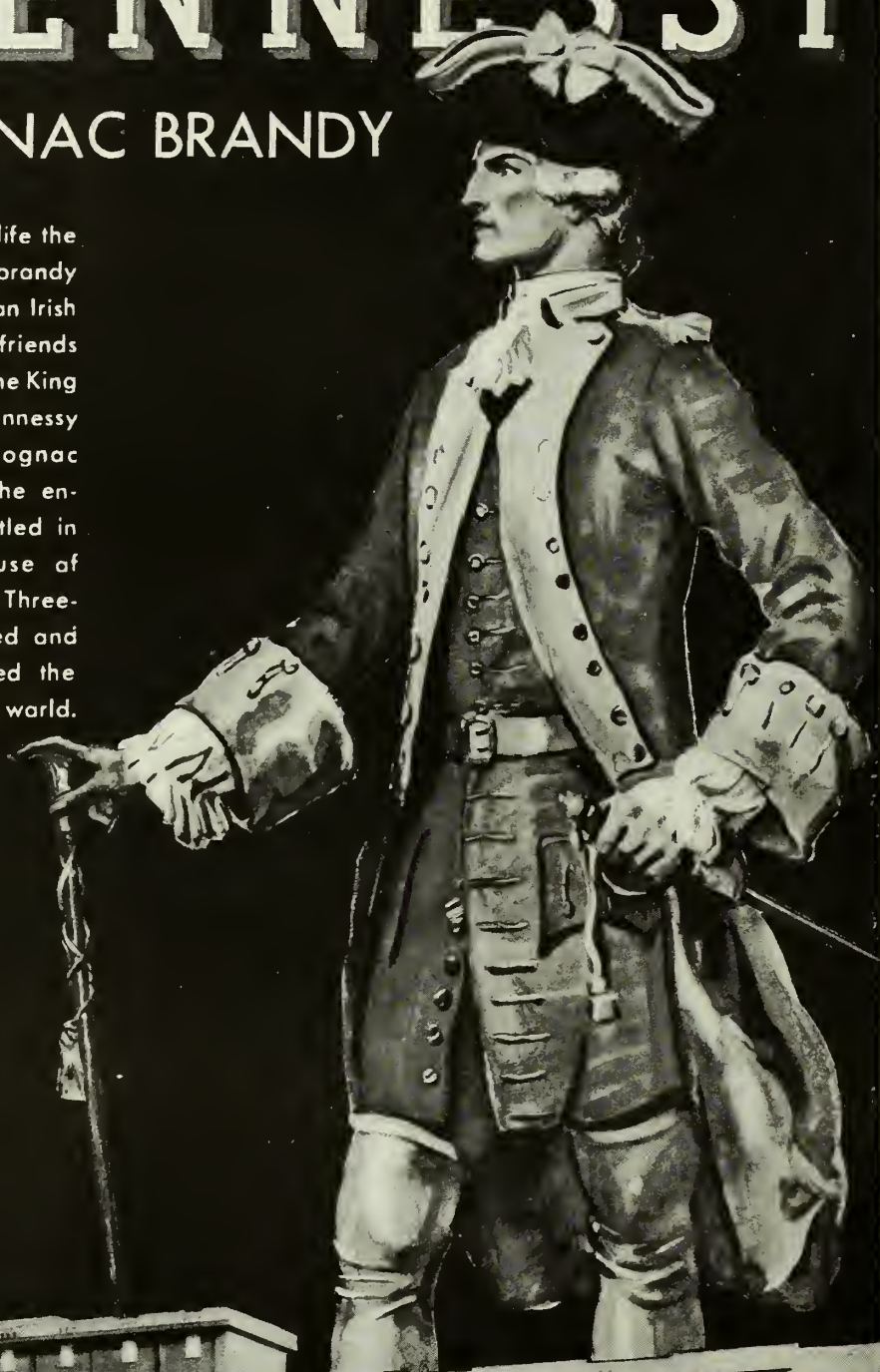
The modern safety-deposit vault, in which the safe-deposit box is contained, is the latest word in the long series of successive advances in means of guarding man's possessions against the menaces of fire, theft, storm, riot, flood and his own carelessness. It connotes not only the crude depositories of prehistoric folk but the (Continued on page 44)



★★★ HENNESSY

COGNAC BRANDY

Partakers of the good things of life the world over owe their favorite brandy . . . Three-Star Hennessy . . . to an Irish officer's kindly thoughts of his friends at home. While in the service of the King of France, Captain Richard Hennessy found his gift shipments of Cognac brandy so well received that he engaged in the business. He settled in France, establishing the House of Hennessy in 1765. Since then, Three-Star Hennessy, distilled, matured and bottled at Cognac, has obtained the largest sale of brandy in the world.



Part of the Hennessy plant at Cognac, France

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES: **Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY**
IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

The TURNING TIDE

By Irving Bacheller

A FAMOUS Novelist and Commentator Takes Us Back Over Traveled Roads to a Simpler, Unspoiled America, and Sees in the Signs of the Times a Return to the Standards That Made America Great

*Decoration by
Will Graven*



WE HAVE been Kreugered and Caponed and Dillingered, racketeered and kidnapped until we don't know where we are at or just how we got there. We are like an Arctic explorer seeing things that no living man has seen before, and we have to find our way out. Many of our cities have been mayored and aldermanded and magistrated into bankruptcy. Life seems to have turned into something like the old game of grab.

Women have achieved the right to vote and other rights. Often they vote for a husband, put him out of office, and then vote for another. Men have had far too many rights. Bankers have gone into the production and sale of fiction and have paid themselves enormous salaries for doing it with the money of other people. It is unfair to the novelists, no one of whom can pay himself a salary for exercising his imagination.

We are in dangerous water. How are we to find our way back? That involves another question. How did we get there?

Some philosophers blame the World War for this deplorable climax of history. The financial effect of the war was serious and will continue to afflict the world for years to come. But I have outlined a moral situation in the creation of which the World War is a small but not a negligible factor. The situation is almost wholly due to the passion of greed. It had been developing long before the war began.

Human nature changes slowly. A generation has only a slight effect on the life of a people. Yet if we aim at the one great objective, remarkable changes may come to pass in two generations. The gateway of change is found in the minds of the young. With access to them through eye and ear, a second generation may show almost a squared effect of change. That is to say, if the effect upon the first generation is represented by the figure three, the effect of the same cause (Continued on page 54)



The COMMAND *is Still* FORWARD!

The Miami National Convention Reviews a Record of Consistent Progress and Achievement and Charts the Objectives for 1935

IMMEDIATELY after he was elected National Commander of The American Legion at the Sixteenth National Convention in Miami on October 25th, Frank N. Belgrano, Jr., of California, declared in a vigorous address from the convention stage:

"This is a critical year for the Legion, possibly the most important in its history."

National Commander Belgrano's words lend emphasis to one of the most important and most diversified programs which an American Legion national convention has ever prepared. The Miami convention set these immediate major objectives, at the same time it designated other objectives scarcely less important:

1. The enactment of the Universal Draft Act, to distribute equally the burdens and to prevent profiteering in any future war. With this, a comprehensive program of national defense to bring the Army, Navy and Air Forces to highest efficiency.

2. The immediate cash payment at face value of the Adjusted Service Certificates, with cancellation of interest accrued and refund of interest paid.

3. A country-wide practical extension of The American Legion's child welfare activities, covering such subjects as juvenile delinquency, social hygiene in schools, reduction of deaths in childbirth, the protection, rehabilitation and training of crippled children, adoption of the Federal Child Labor Amendment, the establishment of new kindergartens and a proper birth registration system in each State.

4. A comprehensive program by each Department and post in behalf of education, to prevent the schools from suffering a disproportionate share of the sacrifices for economy, to meet the



FRANK N. BELGRANO, JR.
National Commander

needs of a society having increased leisure and to combat the teachings of subversive doctrines.

5. Each and every post to carry on at least one community service project during the year, after determining by survey or otherwise the project most suitable and feasible for its community's needs.

6. A country-wide effort through National Headquarters, Departments and posts to teach traffic safety rules and accident prevention, in an effort to reduce the enormous annual accident total of 100,000 dead and 1,500,000 injured.

7. The completion of The American Legion's Four Point Program on rehabilitation, with emphasis on the Fourth Point: "That in no event shall widows and/or dependent children of deceased World War orphans be without protection."

8. A rigid enforcement of The American Legion's often-reiterated policy of absolute political neutrality.

THE convention's action on the Universal Draft Act was embodied in two resolutions, the more important of which was:

"Whereas, continuously since its organization The American Legion has presented to the Congress of the United States a plan providing for a universal draft and the conscription of capital, industry and man power in the event of war, and the use of each in the service of the nation without special preference or profit; and

"Whereas, In the intervening years this plan of The American Legion has been constantly before the Congress and has received the approval of the public and of innumerable public leaders; and

"Whereas, In spite of the importance of this program and the general approval with which it has been hailed by the press and

IN THE NEXT ISSUE

★ A detailed account of the proceedings of the Sixteenth National Convention of The American Legion at Miami, October 22d to 25th, illustrated with an abundance of vivid action photographs, will be published in the January issue of The American Legion Monthly. Keep the January issue where you can consult it at any time during 1935. It will provide you and your post, in reachable and readable form, with the program which your national organization has laid down for the new year ★



The drum corps of Commonwealth-Edison Post of Chicago marching in the great parade at the National Convention in Miami

the public, the goal of universal service has not yet been attained; and

"Whereas, We believe that there is no matter pending before the Congress and the American people today of more vital importance to the welfare of the nation and the cause of peace; now, therefore, be it

"Resolved, That the speedy enactment of a Universal Draft Law be made a part of the major legislative program of The American Legion and be given a preferred position in such program."

The resolution calling for immediate payment of adjusted compensation certificates in cash, adopted by a roll-call vote of 987 to 183, was as follows:

"Whereas, The immediate cash payment of the adjusted service certificates will increase tremendously the purchasing power of millions of the consuming public, distributed uniformly throughout the nation; and will provide relief for the holders thereof who are in dire need and distress because of the present unfortunate economic conditions; and will lighten the burden which cities, counties and States are now required to carry for relief; and

"Whereas, The payment of said certificates will not create any additional debt, but will discharge and retire an acknowledged contract obligation of the Government; now, therefore, be it

"Resolved, That since the Government of the United States is now definitely committed to the policy of spending additional sums of money for the purpose of hastening recovery from the present economic crisis, The American Legion recommends the immediate cash payment at face value of the Adjusted Service Certificates, with cancellation of interest accrued and refund of interest paid, as a most effective means to that end."

The convention designated St. Louis as the 1935 national

convention city, approved efforts to obtain the payment of the war debts without further extension or reductions and urged the rescission of recognition of Soviet Russia.

To serve with National Commander Belgrano, the convention elected as National Vice Commanders for 1935, Quimby Melton, Griffin, Georgia; John Kennelly, Mandan, North Dakota; Milo J. Warner, Toledo, Ohio; Harold J. Warner, Pendleton, Oregon, and Daniel J. Doherty, Woburn, Massachusetts. The Reverend Dr. Park W. Huntington, pastor of St. Stephen's Lutheran Church of Wilmington, Delaware, was elected National Chaplain.

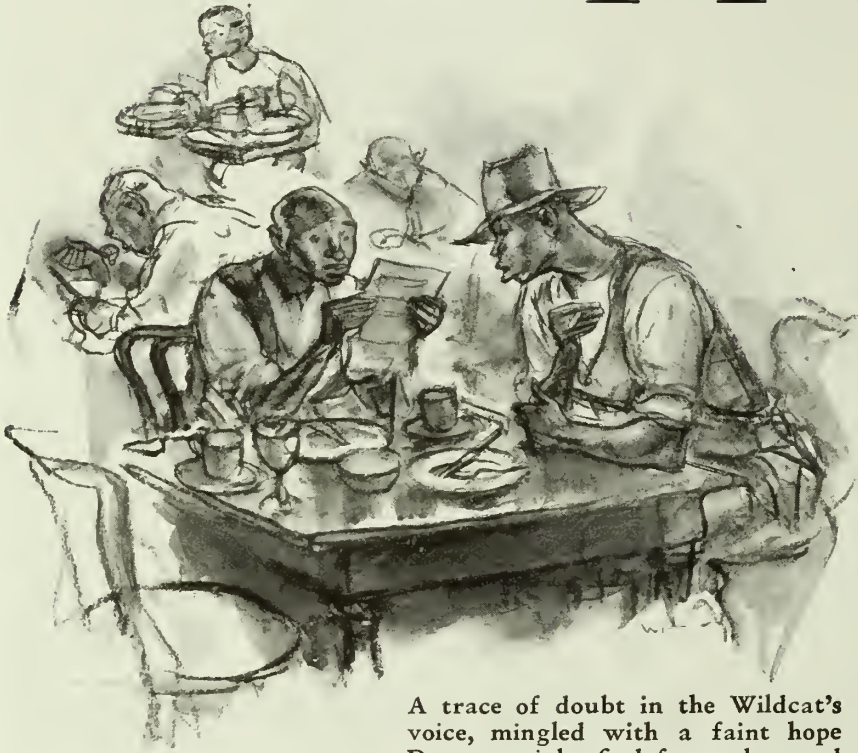
The American Legion Auxiliary elected as National President for 1935 Mrs. A. C. Carlson of Willmar, Minnesota, and the following National Vice Presidents: Mrs. Myron Miller, Anthony, Kansas; Mrs. Thomas Gammie, Ponca City, Oklahoma; Mrs. Charles V. K. Saxton, Kaysville, Utah; Mrs. W. Francis Smith, Landers, Wyoming, and Mrs. Jonathan E. Wheatley, Cambridge, Maryland.

National Commander Belgrano, in his address to the convention immediately after his election, said that he proposed to conduct the office with vigor and determination and that his would be a business administration. He praised retiring National Commander Hayes for his fight for the disabled service man and declared that one of his own first aims would be the completion of the Four Point Program. He said also:

"Our country is filled today with too much talk about isms. Everywhere we hear about Communism, Socialism, Fascism, Hitlerism and others too numerous to mention. There is room in this country for only one ism. That is Americanism. Without equivocation or reservation, I say to you here and now that under my administration this American Legion is a sworn enemy of every other 'ism.' That is a declaration of war."

Illustrations by
Wallace Morgan

HOME



A trace of doubt in the Wildcat's voice, mingled with a faint hope Demmy might find forty thousand dollars somewhere in the text

THE Wildcat and Demmy Hear the Government's Got Money to Lend, So Why Not Get Some for Their in-the-Red Dixie Chicken Palace?

from de ticket money he paid out on yo' carcass. Come a-runnin', boy. I got to git to work an' you got to ketch a train. Dey's a pick an' shovel waitin' at de black end of yo' pussional rainbow. Yo' picnic is over. R'ar up on yo' hind legs an' hit de grit."

The Wildcat began his march to the railroad station. "Looks like all I got to do is sweat blood whilst everybody else is lucky," he complained. "Here you is sittin' purty in a garage job in Palo Alto whilst I is doomed to hard labor rasslin' rock in a gold mine."

"Mighty lucky dat you gits a job any place," Demmy contradicted. "Lucky for you an' lucky for me. I got trouble enough buyin' rations for my own stummick widout tryin' to feed dat ravenous appetite whut

you got. Dogged if I see why de minnit you gits broke an' out of a job yo' appetite always swells up by leaps an' bounds."

"Dat's de way life is," the Wildcat suggested. "Rich folks has de rations whilst poor folks has de appetite. Dat's whut dis Guv'ment Brain Trust is workin' on right dis minnit."

Demmy grunted. "I spose dey fixes dat subjeck by promulgatin' a bill into Congress to take de poor man's stummick away from him."

"Not de Brain Trust! Dey gwine to take everything de rich folks got an' give it to de poor folks. Right now dey's one rich man to every thousand poor men. When de Brain Trust gits through dey gwine to be a thousand rich men to every poor man."

"You sounds crazy," Demmy took time out to sneer heartily and then, "Where dey gwine to git de money to make all de poor folks rich?" he continued. "Brain Trust got to pass a mighty big miracle to do dat."

"Dey does it as easy as little chillun playin' storekeeper. S'pose a old dog comes along an' eats up all de money whut de chillun is playin' store wid? Dat ain't no sign de store is bankrupted. All de chillun got to do for money is cut up some more paper. Dat's all de Brain Trust figgers it got to do to give everybody in de country a million dollars."

"Dem paper cutups ain't gwine to help nobody. Did everybody start even wid a million dollars today de poor folks would be flat broke as usual dis time next year. Hard enough time keepin' hold of money when you works for it, let alone when it's give to you. Come easy, go easy—dat slogan will hold good to de end of time. Look at dat big house over dere." Demmy pointed to a rambling ten-room structure a hundred feet back from the highway. The house had seen better days. "Rich folks lived in dat house.—Now look at it. Sign in de front yard says,—let me see whut dat sign do say . . . Sign says, 'FOR SALE. ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS DOWN. BALANCE TO SUIT.'"

THE large blue elephant sat down on a grand piano and reached his front paw into his vest pocket. He hauled out a match and a yellow cigar. He struck the match on an area of sand paper that was plastered on his right hip and lighted the cigar. The cigar exploded. The explosion blew the Wildcat away up high into the stratosphere. He settled back into the State of California with a bump and opened his eyes to find himself lying on a pallet of hay in a field thirty-five miles south of San Francisco.

The Wildcat batted his eyes and looked at Demmy. A four-horse shudder traversed his two-horse carcass. An involuntary tap dance agitated the soles of his bare feet. When this had ended, "Demmy, dat elephant sho had a tough time wid his see-gars," he growled. "Lawdy—mighty lucky us didn't have no more dan one quart of gin . . . Sho wisht Prohibition would come back so a boy could git hisself some decent likker. Dey wuz three nightmares an' six animal acts in dat gin."

Demmy grunted. "Trouble wid you is when a gin festival begins you is always too copious."

The Wildcat rubbed his corrugated brow. "Kain't remember bein' so copious wid de gin. Right now whut I craves is cold water."

"Boy, if you ain't lost de remember part of yo' mind complete somebody misplaced it fo' you whut had a mighty long reach. Roust yo'self out of dat hay an' come a-runnin'."

The Wildcat groaned. "Runnin' where to?"

"Runnin' to de depot. You remember dat job you hired onto wid dat man yesterday whut give you dat railroad ticket?"

After a moment, "My brain almost plumb forgot dat boy. Where at is de ticket?"

"Here's de ticket—Sam Francisco to Dutch Flat. When you hired out to work in dat boy's gold mine you promised to ketch de train today. You better keep dat promise else he gwine to let you explain to de police folks how come you swindle him loose

GROAN

By Hugh
Wiley

The Wildcat rolled his eyes in the general direction of the ramshackle house. "Demmy, you know whut I'd do did I have me a thousand dollars?"

"Prolly spend it for a ruckus at de Clover Club like you done when us got back from dat Omaha sheep mess wid mo' dan two thousand dollars cash."

"Naw suh, boy, I buys me dat old house. I rallies some good cooks an' I opens up a mighty noble place for dese automobile folks on de highway to eat ham, yams an' fried chicken. I sets back, bosses de cooks, an' watches de money roll in. Dey's mighty big money in de roadhouse business now dat beer is back at ten cents a glass. Figger how much two thousand folks spends every day supposin' dey spends a dollar apiece an' us makes fo' bits on each customer."

"Dat's a thousand dollars," Demmy estimated.

"Whut I tell you boy! You git yo' money back on whut you puts into dis roadhouse de fust day! A thousand dollars out, a thousand dollars in. All de rest is velvet."

"De rest is velvet unless you pays yo' bills. Some does an' some don't."

"Us pays de bills an' dey's still plenty left. Boy, de next time Lady Luck smiles at me dat roadhouse is de business I enters into. Folks is got to eat an' nobody never eats at home no more. When dey don't eat at dese highway stands it's becuz dey is too busy drinkin' dis strickly fresh likker dat took de place of dat good old Prohibition stuff."

"Wildcat, de main thing you better do right now is pull de ring on yo' parachute an' ooze down from de fog until yo' hind legs hit de ground. Column yo'self over in de general direction of dat depot where you ketches yo' train. So long, boy. When de boss man in dat gold mine bounces you out on de cold world you finds me workin' as usual, sweatin' for wages in de Empire Garage. Hit de ball an' when de

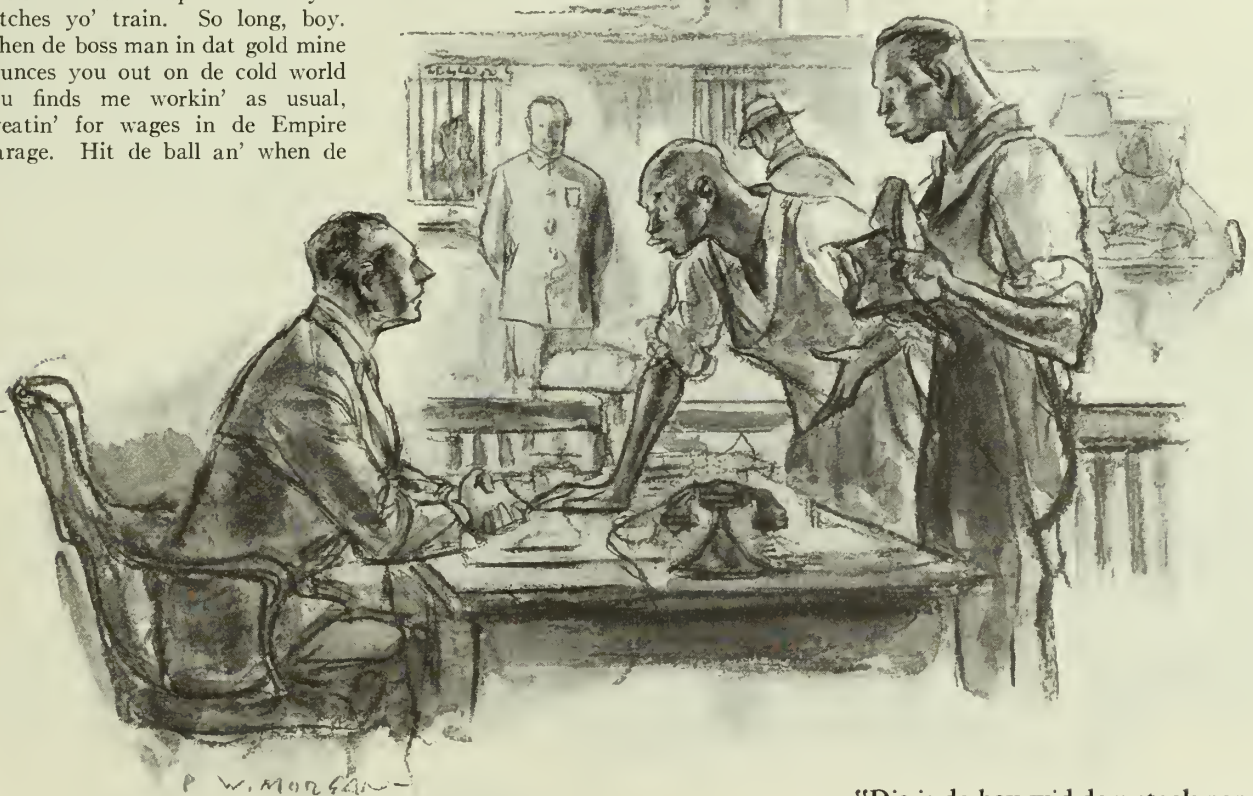
wages begins to roll in send me part of yo' money to keep for you till de next rainy day."

"Goodbye, Demmy. Mebbe dey ain't gwine to be no rain." The Wildcat let his gaze linger on the diminutive form of his re-treating partner. Then, turning toward the railroad station, "Poor little Demmy. Always lookin' on de rainy side of life. Dog-gone it, wisht I could learn him to shake de rain out of his eyes an' look for de sunshine . . . Lady Luck, here us is—where at is your gold mine?"

AFTER a hard morning spent in cleaning up a yellow roadster whose owner had driven it through a hundred miles of freshly oiled macadam, Demmy gave ten minutes to the hopeless task of cracking his black skin out of a blacker chrysalis of oil and dirt. Working diligently on the thick smear of oil that covered his arms, the cake of abrasive soap that he was using slipped and skidded and finished up under a steel locker that stood in the wash room of the garage. "Never see such agile soap," Demmy grumbled. "Could a man handle hisself like dat cake of soap he could cross de Mississippi River in one jump."

On his hands and knees he explored the space under the locker with a broom handle. The cake of soap came out of its hiding place; with it came a varied collection of animal, vegetable and mineral scrap that had been side-tracked in the distant past by diligent sweepers. Leading the junk parade Demmy saw a silver-

plated table knife.
"Dog-gone de luck. Dat means dat a man is



"Dis is de boy wid dem stock papers.
Here's de papers whut dey give him"

comin' to visit me. Hope it ain't de 'stallment man on dat last suit of clothes I wore out. Hope it ain't dat radio boy." He glared at the cake of soap. "Soap, how come you lead me into dis ruckus? I don't crave to meet up wid no man whut comes prowlin' round. All dey wants is 'stallment money or else dey is boys whut craves de lend of two dollars till pay day."

The soap, whose abrasiveness had been increased by the addition of half an ounce of iron filings and a smudge of cobwebs, offered no reply to its questioner. Still grumbling, Demmy resumed his job. Presently, emerging in spots from his flesh-tinted shell of dirt he dabbed at his arms with a black towel. "Wonder when dat doggone man visitor is gwine to show up. De sooner I meets an' conquers him de better I likes it." At this a premonition of impending attention from Old Man Trouble seemed to clog his brain. A moment later, from the doorway of the garage someone called to him. He turned in response to the greeting and saw the Wildcat.

"How is you, Demmy?" the Wildcat called affably.

Demmy groaned inwardly. "Dere he is. Dere is de hoodoo whut the silver knife meant. I knowed Old Man Trouble wuz on my trail." The frown on Demmy's face deepened. "How come you in dis part of de land?" he growled. "Whut's de matter wid dat gold mine job de man give you six weeks ago?"

"I splains about dat. In de meantime how is de cash situation an' how is de chances of gittin' fo' bits offen you?"

"Listen to me, boy! When de big question ruckus begins I aims to be captain of dis boat. You ain't nuthin' but a deckhand. Tell me de fust answers to dese fust questions: How come you quit dat gold mine job? How come you rally back to Palo Alto? How come you ain't got no cash after six weeks workin' in a gold mine?"

The Wildcat smiled tolerantly. "Don't pester me wid no hist'ry right now, Demmy. Whut I needs is rations. If de stum-mick in dat whale whut swallowed Jonah had shrunk like mine it sho would squoze dat Bible boy tighter dan yo' union suit on a elefant."

Demmy sneered. "Is dat so? Listen to me. I been so poor for de last month dat I ain't been able to wear me no underwear."

"Poor little Demmy." The Wildcat injected a shot of irony into his sympathy. "Poor little Demmy. You sounds like if business gits lots better it gwine to strip you plumb nekked."

Twenty minutes later, after Demmy had financed a lunch for two, "Answer me de fust question," Demmy demanded. "You been workin' more dan a month on dat Old Paymaster mine job. Whut you done wid yo' wages?"

"I saved 'em," the Wildcat said briefly.

Demmy's eyes widened. "How come you kain't pay fo' no meal if you save yo' wages?"

"Keep whut you got left of dat shirt on yo' carcass an' I splains it to you. De fust week I made ten thousand dollars. De second week whut I works for dem two boys dat runs de Old Paymaster I took ten thousand dollars more wages. De next two weeks dey paid me at de same rate. Dat makes forty thousand dollars, don't it?"

Demmy shook his head, staring down at the ground. "You sounds plenty crazy. Forty thousand dollars!" Then with a false humility, "I axes yo' pardon, Mister Rockefeller. In de meantime you been gone six weeks. How much you git for de rest of de time you been away?"

"Didn't git paid nuthin'," the Wildcat admitted. "Took me four days to rest up on dat job an' ten days to hitch-hike myself out of dem mountains where dem boys is got dat gold mine."

"Boy, you sho is pulled de trigger on some mighty crazy language. Forty thousand dollars an' hitch-hikin' yo' way along de road!" With rising annoyance, "Show me fo' bits of dat forty thousand dollars else I marks you down as de biggest liar west of de Mississippi."

"I not only shows you de fo' bits but I shows you de forty thousand." The Wildcat reached around and explored the depths of the left hip pocket of his overalls. He hauled out a long, folded envelope whose concave surface had been molded to the curves of his perspiring anatomy through ten long, hot days of constant wear.

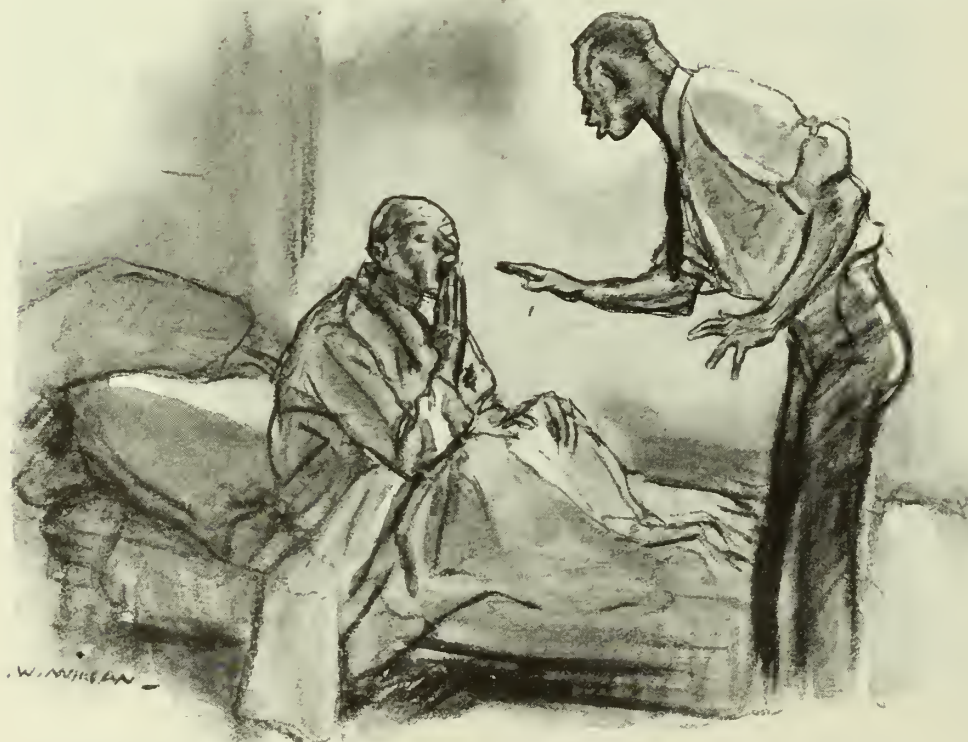
"Here you is," he said to Demmy. "Look whut it says. Ain't no fo' bits—it's de full forty thousand dollars."

Demmy opened the envelope. From its interior he pulled out four lithographed stock certificates. He unfolded them. "Old Paymaster Mine," he read. Then, after mumbling through the text of the first document, "Dat makes you full owner of ten thousand shares of stock in de Old Paymaster," he admitted. "Signed by de Presidump an' de Secretary." He cast a quick and sneering glance at the other three documents. "Boy, you ain't got forty thousand dollars. You got forty thousand shares of stock in de Old Paymaster wid a par value of one dollar each."

"Dat's forty thousand dollars, ain't it?" the Wildcat countered. There was more than a trace of doubt in the Wildcat's voice, mingled with a faint hope that Demmy might find forty thousand dollars somewhere in the complex text of the ornate lithograph.

Demmy snorted. "Dat ain't four thousand cents! Chances is you been workin' on dat gold mine job for yo' board an' yo' bed in de bunk house an' nuthin' else. How come you so plumb crazy in de fust place? Dem papers ain't nuthin' but minin' stock."

"I figgered dey didn't amount to much," the Wildcat admitted. "Anyhow it wuz pleasant to think dat I wuz gittin' ten thousand dollars wages every week. Now you goes an' busts dat dream on me . . . Anyhow, Demmy, if dem money papers wuz worth a dollar a share like



"Whut's de matter, Wilecat," he mumbled, "de kitchen on fire again?"



Demmy growled. "What's de matter wid dat gold mine job de man give you?"

de man said dey might be, you an' me right dis minnit would have forty thousand dollars betwixt us. Ain't dat de truth?"

"Whut you playin' wid dem nickels for? If dat stock wuz worth a thousand dollars a share you be worth forty million dollars right dis minnit. Go on an' dream yo'self into some figgers de size of de war debt. Have a good time whilst you is at it. Stay crazy does you crave to but when de time comes to git yo'self some mo' rations you got to have somethin' better dan stock in a gold mine . . . Come along to de garage whilst I sees is dey fo' bits worth of work layin' around loose betwixt you an' starvation."

The Wildcat hauled in his gangling legs and stood up. "Seems like de whole world is 'fested wid hard work," he grumbled. "Hand me back dem purty papers. When I begins to sweat on dis fo' bit job you got, mebbe dem papers gwine to feel mighty pleasant in my hip pocket. Make me feel like I got forty thousand dollars no matter whut you orates in de line of cold an' painful truth. Hand me back dem papers, boy. Den march me military in de direction of dis fo' bit battle . . . Dem hamburgers sho tasted noble. Git goin', Demmy, befo' I loses my strength."

ON the third day after the Wildcat began his sketchy battle with Old Man Trouble in the car-washing arena of the Empire Garage, in an idle moment, out of casual curiosity, Demmy turned to the financial section of the San Francisco *Examiner*. The first thing that caught his eye was a two column head, "OLD PAYMASTER TUNNEL CUTS LOST LEDGE." Half way through the article, having read enough to develop a sudden fit of the differential trembles, Demmy turned back a page and searched the closing quotations of the San Francisco Mining Ex-

change. In the column of producing companies, "Golconda, Gold Field, Lucky Strike, Mexican," he read, and then, "Old Paymaster," with ten cents a share bid and twelve cents asked.

He looked up from the paper and across to a splattered corner of the Empire Garage where the Wildcat was manicuring the exterior of a roadster that had seen better days. Lady Luck's orphan was dipping with water that splashed back from the stream that poured from the nozzle of a one-inch hose. "If dat newspaper piece is true, dis time tomorrow dat old Wilecat kin be splashin' his carcass wid champagne 'stead of muddy water!" Demmy exulted. "Feet, lead me whilst I carries de good news!" Then, on second thought, "Mebbe I'd better see if it's de truth an' nuthin' but de truth befo' I tells de Wilecat whut Lady Luck is done."

On his sawed-off legs Demmy ducked out of the garage and headed for a bank two blocks down the street. Following a brief conversation with one of the affable gentlemen in the bank, "Us brings de boy back here wid dem stock certificate papers," Demmy promised. "I gits him right now an' comes back in five minutes. Cap'n suh, whut you said sho sounds too good to be true! Old Paymaster puttin' out real money! Us gits back wid dat Wilecat boy in de next five minutes."

Returning a full minute ahead of schedule, panting and out of breath, Demmy led the Wildcat to the bank man's desk. Introducing the Wildcat, "Dis is de boy wid dem stock papers," he explained to the white man. "Here's de papers whut dey give him. Dey's little bit wet an' mussed up, but it says mighty plain dat he got forty thousand shares."

After a moment's inspection of the documents the bank man smiled at the Wildcat. "You're mighty lucky," he announced. "This stuff is worth ten cents a share—maybe eleven. You'd better not carry it around in the hip (Continued on page 50)

100,000

by
Boyd B. Stutler

ONE hundred thousand miles of travel spread all over the map of the United States. That is the record made by National Commander E. A. Hayes during his year and twenty days in office—a long journey that began with his election at Chicago and ended with the opening of the National Convention at Miami. And even then, with the close of his travel in official Legion service, he was more than fifteen hundred miles from his own home and fireside at Decatur, Illinois.

The Legion demands much of its National Commanders. If any person is inclined to dispute that statement the record of Commander Hayes and his predecessors in office can be laid before the doubter. During that one year and twenty days the National Commander paid official visits to one hundred and ninety-five cities and towns in forty-seven States and the District of Columbia, with brief excursions into Canada, Mexico and Cuba. He delivered two hundred and ninety-two scheduled addresses, not including informal talks running up to an almost equal number, and also not including fifty-four of his ninety-six radio broadcasts. All this was "in addition to his other duties," as the old army orders so delicately phrased it when some additional burden was being placed upon the shoulders of a junior officer.

The experience of Commander Hayes is nothing new. It is a custom as old as the Legion itself, inaugurated and developed when the organization was in its infancy and when much of the organization and public relations work devolved upon the National Commander. So Commander Hayes naturally fell heir to that fine old Legion custom and during his year spent much of the time in the field—going from Department to Department and from city to city—a round of official visits carried on from Chicago to Miami, criss-crossing the map from coast to coast,

and from the gulf to the Canadian border. The Legion has benefited immeasurably by this personal contact with the membership at large and with the non-veteran public in all parts of the country, and the Commander has frequently referred to it as the most educative experience of his entire lifetime.

As a consequence of this round of visits decreed by this hang-over from the early days, the incumbent National Commander has but little time to devote to administrative affairs at the National Headquarters and may count himself fortunate if he is permitted to spend one day each month at his home. While he may claim a place of residence for the purpose of exercising his right of franchise, the real home of the National Commander during his term of office is a Pullman car, his office the smoking room. His headquarters are carried with him and the administrative work goes on whether he happens to be in his comfortable office in the National Headquarters building at Indianapolis, on a Pullman, or lodged in a hotel room.

Without taking into consideration the trials, troubles and tribulations that attend upon travel by catch-as-catch-can methods, what a wealth of experience is given to the National Commander. What a knowledge of the country in which we live. And what a cross-section of America he is made to know by intimate, personal contact. Even the most indifferent observer would be compelled to absorb a rather thorough knowledge of the real America in a year of constantly moving about from Florida to Oregon and from Maine to California. It is that knowledge and sympathetic

understanding of the viewpoints of the various sections that give an added weight to the counsel and advice of each man who has passed through the ordeal.

Commander Hayes—Ed to his friends—was penalized to a very



At the dedication of The American Legion building in Washington. Behind the National Commander, from left to right, are General Frank T. Hines, Director of the Veterans Administration; Watson B. Miller, Chairman of the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, and John Thomas Taylor, Vice-Chairman of the Legion's National Legislative Committee

MILES *without a* BICYCLE



A very rare portrait—National Commander Edward A. Hayes at his desk at National Headquarters in Indianapolis. He was usually somewhere else

great extent because of his immense personal popularity and his willingness to accede to the importunities of delegations and committees. He has had his full share of official breakfasts, luncheons, dinners, suppers, dedications, unveilings, reviews, welcomings and God-speedings, and can speak with authority on that great American institution—the banquet. As a banquetteer, he can call the shots three days in advance and miss on nothing more important than the salad or dessert. He headed a stock-show parade at Fort Worth, Texas, and stood up as best man at Indiana “Army” Armstrong’s wedding; he has seen the sun rise over the sky-line of New York and sink to rest through the Golden Gate at San Francisco; he has shivered in sub-zero weather in northern New York and New England and has basked in the sunshine of Southern California. In short, during his year as National Commander, Ed Hayes has gone places and seen things.

Though not of robust physique, Commander Hayes has plenty of stamina and the will to do. There were times, many times, when he kept going on sheer nerve—when he should have been resting and recuperating his strength. And there were many other times when he insisted upon carrying out his engagements when his illness and physical exhaustion were so apparent that even hard-boiled committees pleaded for cancellation. He did not spare himself—he had a job to do and was intent upon going

through with it. Battles are not won by an army that waits for fair weather and any leader who waits for more favorable conditions soon finds himself without a command.

In all the year there were but few times when the Commander failed to fill his engagements, and those few failures only for very good reasons—Eureka, California, and Prescott, Arizona, because of flying conditions; five or six because of the pressing nature of the legislative situation at Washington, and a bare half-dozen because of illness. In most cases these engagements were not cancellations but merely postponements until a later date when the Commander made his appearance.

In getting about over the country—making jumps from one place to another that seemed almost impossible—regular and established means of transportation were used as much as possible, but there were many times when it became necessary to depart from the routine and press a special plane or high powered car into service. In two instances only did the Commander miss trains scheduled to carry him to important meetings, but in each instance the inconvenience caused by the failure to connect was overcome.

The first experience was in New York (Continued on page 41)



Nine hundred miles in four and a half hours—the National Commander arrives at Washington from Rochester, Minnesota, and congratulates his pilot, Earl F. Ward, war-time Marine flyer and a member of Albert E. Baesel Post of Berea, Ohio, on his great work

WHILE

by

John R. Tunis

THE Sports Broadcaster Is at His Best When He Forgets His Audience and Becomes a Red-Hot Fan Thinking Out Loud



Ted Husing, most noted sports broadcaster of the Columbia System, telling the fans just what happens when a police patrol boat takes some sporting chances at night in the waters about New York City

AS FAR as can be ascertained, I'm one of the few Legionnaires who ever broadcast from Europe to the United States. I'm probably the only sports writer who talks each year from the other side, certainly the only member of the Legion who broadcasts every summer from London or Paris to New York, Chicago, San Francisco and points in between.

So what?

So just this. On my return each year someone asks me how it feels to be talking to several million sport fans across three thousand miles of sea. I meet a friend on the street.

"Hey there, I heard you last month talking from London. What kind of a kick does that give you? How does it feel to broadcast from over there?"

Well, it doesn't feel at all. After the first few seconds, that is. Broadcasting, whether you are talking in a studio to a few thousand listeners over a small local station, or whether you are speaking over a nation-to-nation, coast-to-coast hook-up, is always the same. After the first few words you forget, or should forget, everything except the scene before your eyes. In fact that's the secret of good broadcasting—an obliteration of yourself and your audience in the drama taking place on the field.

Let me explain. It's the last afternoon of the Challenge Round of the Davis Cup at Wimbledon, an hour from London. Seventeen thousand tennis fans, including the King and Queen, are packed into the amphitheatre. The July sun beats down on the

center-court of green on which are two straining figures in white: Perry the black haired English champion and Frank Shields the six-foot New Yorker, deciding the fate of the Cup. Come with me onto the platform which holds our booth as well as that of the B. B. C. That's the British Broadcasting Company.

Viewed at this angle the scene looks different from that from the press box high up in the stands. Here we are on top of the court, close to the sweaty athletes, can hear Shields grunt as he leans into a smash, or Perry snap his fingers when a passing shot falls over the line. Ten feet away to the right is the Royal Box with the King in a straw hat, watching intently, the Queen in gray, staring through smoked glasses. Next to her is ex-King Alfonso of Spain, tall, thin, hawk-faced and sunburned, while all around are those thousands of alert faces, twisting and then twisting back again as the ball flies across the net.

"All ready in your box, sir," says the B. B. C. control man. We stumble over the wires, boxes and apparatus on the platform, squeeze past the English broadcaster, Colonel Brand, who in shirtsleeves is perspiring in his air-tight booth, and so into our cubby-hole. It contains a small desk with two mikes, a narrow bench to sit upon, and a small electric light bulb above our heads.

Transatlantic broadcasting is really done by telephone. First, your voice travels from this mike upon the



Abandoning the rôle of commentator for that of competitor, John Tunis takes off his coat and wins a shipboard ping pong tournament from Martin Plaa, French tennis star

center court by land telephone wires to the control room of the B. B. C. in Broadcasting House on Portman Place, London. From there it's relayed to Rugby, the sending station of the British Post Office. In England, telephones, telegraph and radio are all under government control. Rugby sends it by air to the receiving station of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company at Netcong, New Jersey, where it goes by land tele-

the WORLD *Listens*

phone to the control rooms of the two companies on this side, National Broadcasting Company and Columbia Broadcasting System, who distribute it all over the continent.

All right. On the court the umpire is announcing the score. "Games are ten all in the fourth set. *Will* the gallery kindly keep quiet during the rallies as it's very annoying to the players." Polite, these English officials. Squatting at the door of our cubbyhole the B. B. C. man, his earphones to his head, relays messages to us from their control room in London. "Eight minutes to go, sir." "Seven minutes to go." "New York wants a voice test, sir." You grab the mike. "This is the tone I shall use in describing the final games of the Perry-Shields match of the Challenge Round." "That's all right, sir. When the light goes on," and he points to that tiny bulb overhead, "you're through." This is the English way of saying that the connection with New York is open.

"Two minutes to go." Outside the umpire drones the score. "Ten games all in the fourth set." In one hundred seconds you will be talking to several million American sports fans anxious and eager to hear how their players are making out on foreign soil. Suddenly you notice that your throat is dry. You attempt to speak, no sounds come out, you wet your palate, now your voice is husky, strained, unnatural. Thirty seconds to go. Sup-

worse than an operation. Why did you let yourself in for it? "Ten seconds to go."

The bulb flashes. The light is on. Now it's up to you and if you don't know your stuff look out, because every self-appointed critic from Maine to Montana has taken that exact second to hang on his radio and get ready to pan your slightest slip.

You stumble, stammer, start badly. Your voice is dry—dry and hard. This is awful. Suddenly Shields makes an impossible shot, a volley at full length taken off his shoe strings. Your unconscious admiration restores confidence to your voice, forces up your tone. The score is thirteen all, anyone's match; the issue hangs on this game, on this point, on this very shot perhaps; on that desperate smash of Perry's made with his body a foot in mid-air, on that terrific service ace of Shields's down the center line. Before you know it your voice is normal again, you have



Telling the world about one of the America's Cup races, probably the hardest of broadcasting jobs. Here's Samuel Wetherill, yachting expert, at the microphone, with George Hicks, National Broadcasting Company announcer, directly back of him

pose when the wire opens up you can't talk for a minute or two, suppose your voice dries up. Broadcasters, famous ones, have been tongue-tied like that on occasion. Let's see, this is costing about two hundred and eighty bucks a minute, say six hundred for two minutes . . . phew . . . "Fifteen seconds to go." This is

forgotten that little red light above your ear, forgotten those listeners three thousand miles away, forgotten everything but the battle of those exhausted athletes on the courts.

You can completely forget yourself in a great sporting event if you are interested in the game. I (Continued on page 46)

They CALLED

By
James H. Gray

IN THE summer of 1918 New York was a spectacle that seemed to revolve around Bryant Park. The park itself had been taken over as a convenient site for service huts. Pretty girls distributed chocolate bars and packages of cigarettes to open-faced boys in the uniforms of soldiers and sailors. Fifth Avenue vibrated to the beat of men marching. Hard by at 42d Street and Sixth Avenue was the United States Army recruiting station. To me, this recruiting station became the most fascinating spot of all. For although I was too old to be accepted I had an itch to enlist. I would visit the place at lunch hour almost daily. Once a woman on the speaker's platform—she was well known and I recognized her from her pictures in the newspapers—pointed me out in the crowd that was listening to the orator's plea for enlistments.

"What's the matter with you?" she asked. "Why don't you enlist?"

"Madam," I replied, "I wish that I could."

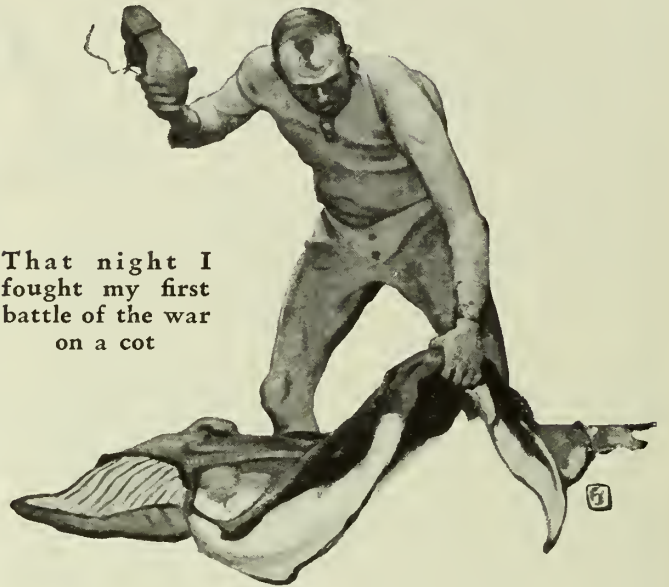
I could see that she did not believe me. But I meant it. She had mistaken me for being much younger than I was. Actually I was fifty-one. My naturally ruddy complexion was part of the reason for my young appearance. But I suppose clean living and regular workouts at the gym had something to do with it. For in all modesty it went deeper than that. I felt young. I had got a taste of soldiering in the old Seventh Regiment of the New York National Guard. But I wanted to sample the real thing, and, as the saying was, to "help win the war." For just then it looked as though all the help this country might be able to supply would be needed.

My chance came when in early August Provost General Crowder issued a call for older men to volunteer. Men 45 to 50 years old "with business experience" who would volunteer for enlistment were offered the privilege of picking the branch of service that most appealed to them. I had no hankering for chevrons or shoulder bars. Ordinary private would suit me fine. But I did know the branch of service that I wanted to get into and that was the infantry. It was the verb "pick" in the recruiting slogan, "Enlist and pick your service," that appealed to me. On account of my National Guard experience I knew I could do my stuff in the infantry. It was there I wanted to be. So the very next day I went around to the recruiting station at the edge of Bryant Park where I had so often been an envious spectator, and signed up.



"Chew, hey?—I
swally it hull"

That night I
fought my first
battle of the war
on a cot



My boss was a good guy. He wrote me a letter in which he congratulated me on my sturdy health enabling me, at my age, to serve my country.

At the recruiting station the medical officer, a little old bald-headed major, put me through a pretty stiff course of stunts. When I was a little slow coming up from a squat he said I would be able to do it better later. He was right. I got a chance later on to work the leg muscles into splendid condition—hoisting empty vinegar barrels. But of that later. He sounded me in wind and limb, and passed favorably on my physical condition—annotating my card, "Height, 5 feet, 7½ inches; 145 pounds, ruddy complexion, sparse sandy hair, blue eyes, slightly obese, slightly hammer toes, good dentistry; general condition good."

I felt—well—fairly proud of myself. Thought I'd better drop down to the office and break the news to the boss, and straighten out a few things. As it was only eleven o'clock there was plenty of time. But I had forgotten that I had signed on the dotted line, "for the duration of the war."

"Autta dun that foist," grumped the sergeant. So nix. "Yer in the army now. Here's an 'L' ticket to the end of the line, a nickel for a trolley to New Rochelle, a ferry ticket to Fort Slocum, and fifty cents for yer lunch. Get there before five P. M. to be in time for supper."

I reached Fort Slocum a good two hours before chow time.

"What service?" queried the corporal at the desk. "Infantry, artillery, ordnance, Q.M.C., or medico?"

"Infantry," replied I. Glad at last that that was settled.

"Here y'are," replied the corporal. "Hat cord—two bits."

So that was it. Just selling hat cords. As a professional buyer of textiles in civilian life I rather objected to paying a quarter for what I could see was an ordinary ten-cent item. But the amount was small. So I bought one. If I was to be in the infantry I'd have to have it, I thought.

Then along with the other fresh arrivals I was put through another physical examination. This was far more thoroughgoing than the examination at the recruiting station. I have often wondered how many of the men from forty-five to fifty-five years of age made the grade. I saw a flock of them with tears in their eyes and disappointment in their faces—rejected as unfit for military service. I saw more men in my age class rejected at Fort Slocum than I encountered in the service later. Indeed I think I didn't

ME DAD

*Illustrations
by Frank Street*

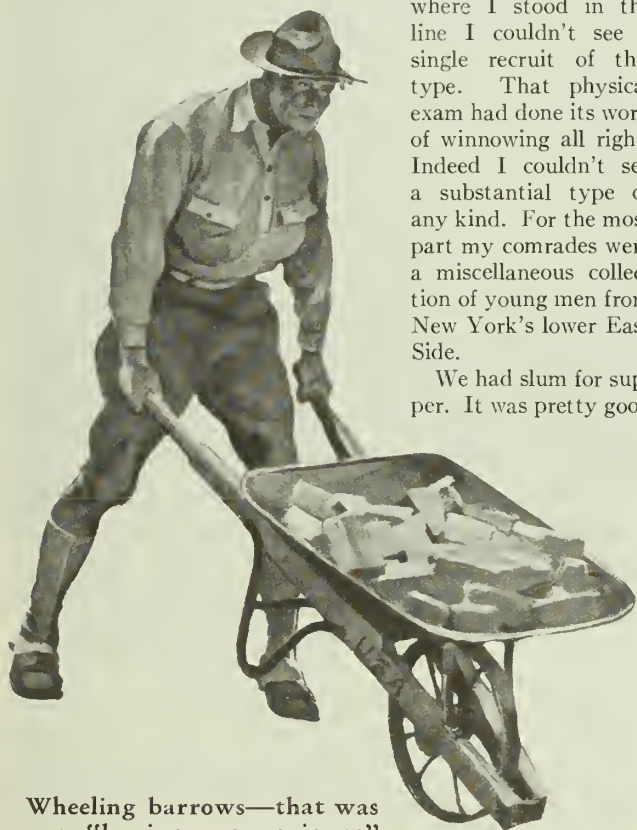
SOME of the Experiences of an Older Soldier Who Had a Share in What Was Going On Some Sixteen Years Ago

meet in all the other camps I was in more than a dozen men in my age classification, and only one of my age or older. He was fifty-two years old, and soon went back to Saparac or somewhere.

On account of our age we older men had to go through this same severe physical examination every time a shift came to another camp. That meant five times in my case, with "three-in-one inoculations" for typhoid, smallpox and diphtheria, at each shift. My itinerary was, from Fort Slocum to Camp Meigs at Washington; and thence successively to Camps Hill, Stuart and Gregory in Virginia and eventually to "Port of Embarkation," Newport News. I sure was inoculated.

But to get back to Fort Slocum, my next experience was army chow. Up to then, from the time I had signed up at the recruiting station until the chow horn sounded, things had been happening so rapidly that I had hardly had time to catch my breath. But as the whole crew of us lined up for mess I began to get my bearings. Substantial middle class business men were notable for their absence. From where I stood in the line I couldn't see a single recruit of this type. That physical exam had done its work of winnowing all right. Indeed I couldn't see a substantial type of any kind. For the most part my comrades were a miscellaneous collection of young men from New York's lower East Side.

We had slum for supper. It was pretty good



Wheeling barrows—that was my "business experience"

[5]

—considering, "Yer in the army now." But you had to make a fight to get it. I guess I held my own—more on principle than because I was hungry. I asked a buddy how he chewed his meat, and he said, "Chew, hey?—I swally it hull."

After supper we were invited to an open-air concert by the Y. M. C. A. It consisted of three-quarters of an hour of hot air and fifteen minutes of good violin music. The violinist I think



Out to a dump to sort out empty barrels for reclamation

was named Pilsen. I heard later that he had an arm shot off. He played The Meditation from Thais, Tales of Hoffman, Souvenir, and Rubenstein's Melody in F.

That night I fought my first battle of the World War on a cot, in the receiving barracks—bedbugs. Squads reinforced by companies and regiments; on the flanks, brigades, divisions; deploying swarms, all over the field of battle. I led with my left, crossed with my right, dodged, feinted, scratched, bled and went down; got up for the count of eleven, and like a good general retreated clad in my service pajamas—underwear—to the outside of the barracks. But the enemy was not to be discouraged as easily as all that. So, still hot under the collar and elsewhere too, I sprinted for the shower bath where at last I found relief. As I gingerly returned, clad in my now moist habiliments de nuit I got mixed up somehow and crossed the company street. As a former national guardsman I knew better than that. But what from my scuffle with the bedbugs and my strangeness to the place I lost my bearings.

"You! Get back into your bunk!" roared a sergeant.

And I did get back in that direction. But into it? Not on your life! I spent the remainder of the night under God's blue and starry sky, cogitating, "Yer in the army now."

Reveille. Fall in. It wasn't new to me but the rookies didn't know what it was all about. Roll call—"Answer 'Present,' when your name is called. Don't say, 'Here.'"

"Right face. Forward, hutch!" Up to the parade ground for an early morning loosening up gallop. Some of the winded rookies dropped out. A little too stiff exercise for the "I never worked" boys. They got over that later.

Breakfast—near coffee, cold, greasy fried ham bologna, a cold hardboiled egg, phewy! Butter. Anyhow, this is war, ain't it? Plenty of bread, if you had a good reach and were real hungry.

After breakfast—"Fall in. Forward, hutch!" How that rookie corporal liked to "make it snappy." Up to the commissary for an outfit. Hat O.K. Khaki uniform, too small. Shoes too big. Change them tomorrow.

Sergeant, "What the hell are you putting an infantry cord on your hat for? You're Q. M. C."

So that was what I had picked! (Continued on page 56)

Out of the DESERT — An EMPIRE

By Alexander Gardiner

WHEN next February Boulder Dam starts impounding the water of the Colorado River in the upper Black Canyon, on the boundary line between Nevada and Arizona, the residents of Las Vegas in Nevada are going to become prospects for the manufacturers of motor boats, rowboats and canoes—and fishing tackle. Not the least of the blessings which that gigantic engineering project is going to bring to the Southwest is a wealth of water which will presently form a lake more than one hundred miles long, providing a safe approach to a section of the Grand Canyon which has never been accessible. Las Vegas, like most Nevada cities, is a desert rose that has the utmost respect for water, because all about it is a treeless waste culminating in bare mountain slopes that hide gold, silver and other metals, the whole a constant reminder of what would happen to the city if its water supply failed.

They have plenty of water in Las Vegas for domestic needs, and probably there are more shower bath installations per hundred of population than in many cities ten times as large. But Las Vegas hasn't known large, permanent bodies of navigable water any nearer than the Pacific Ocean and the Great Salt Lake, each a good half day's railroad journey away, and the thought of a beautiful lake of 227 square miles, with 550 miles of rugged shoreline, a lake that will be stocked with gamey fish, is enough to make the inhabitants of southern Nevada's principal city puff up with plans for holidays afloat. Those California coast resorts, some 250 airline miles away, are going to lose some of their allure next summer. You see, that lake will be only three quarters of an hour's easy drive away.

Of course the navigational and recreational features of this vast man-made reservoir which in places will have a depth of nearly six hundred feet and will wipe off the map hefty hills that would rate as mountains in some sections of the nation, is not by any means the main feature of our greatest engineering accomplishment since the Panama Canal. In its many ramifications the Boulder Dam project and its related enterprises rather baffle the imagination of a generation that has come to regard the Canal, Niagara Falls and Muscle Shoals as common, everyday stuff. The project was undertaken primarily as a reclamation affair, an insurance policy on the very existence of the 60,000 people engaged in agriculture and related callings in Southern California's Imperial Valley, a paradise of fruits and vegetables to which an uncontrolled Colorado River has been a potential menace.

With this control as the basic idea the job grew to a series of related construction projects whose total will probably exceed the \$366,000,000 that the Panama Canal cost, with the United States Government putting up \$165,000,000 and several cities and counties of Southern California having bonded themselves to a total of \$220,000,000 to insure themselves an adequate supply of water through an aqueduct that will tap the river below Boulder Dam and run a tortuous, zigzag course over desert and through mountain tunnels for 240 miles. That last will be a permanent investment, the one thing needful to support the population of ten million which the section confidently looks forward to having, in place of its present two million-odd. The Government on its part expects to get its millions back with interest and a neat profit, inside of fifty years, by selling at a cheap rate to householders, municipalities and industries its Boulder Dam-generated power.

The Imperial and its neighbor, the Coachella Valley, are going to get much-needed irrigation, and eventually both Arizona and Nevada will also benefit in this manner. And the four States in the upper portion of the river's drainage area—Wyoming, Colorado, Utah and New Mexico—will divide among themselves seven and a half million acre-feet of water each year, approximately one-half of the river's run-off.

When the Government lands that have been withdrawn from entry by settlers are again opened up, which will be not less than four years from now, ex-service men will have a preferred right of entry for ninety days to land in available irrigable areas in Arizona and California, with, quite probably, land in southern Nevada the exact location of which future surveys will determine.

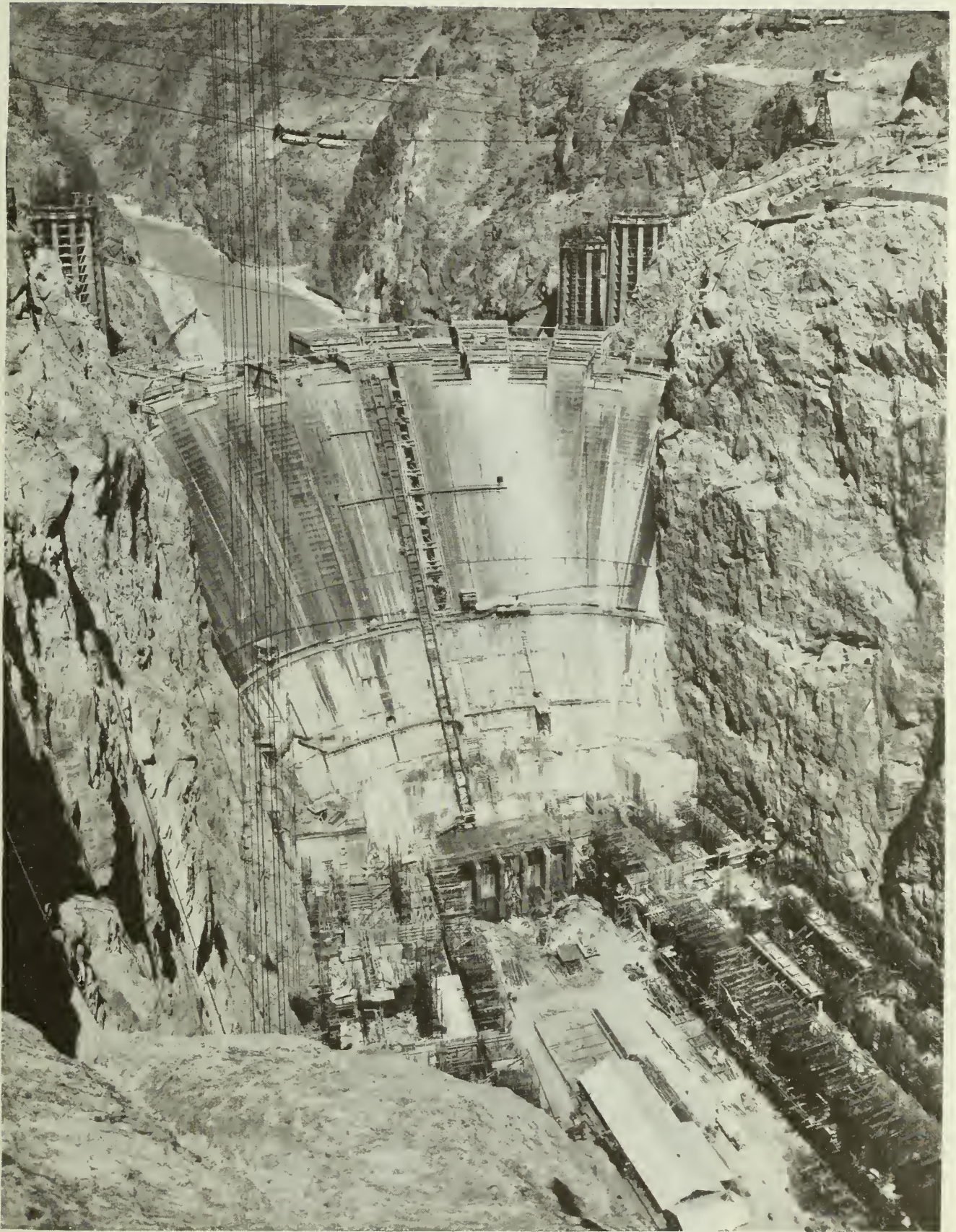
CEASELESSLY, day and night, week in and week out since April, 1931, the work on the Boulder Dam project has proceeded. As many as 4500 men at a time have been on the payroll of the Six Companies, Inc., a corporation controlled by a group of Western contracting firms who pooled resources to take over the principal construction project at the dam, under the control of the Bureau of Reclamation of the Department of the Interior. The Bureau of Reclamation workers and employees of other contractors account for 750 more.

In contrast to the set-up in construction of the Panama Canal virtually all of the men employed have been American citizens, drawn from every State in the Union. Through the workings of

FORTY percent of the men building Boulder Dam, the great reclamation and power development of the Federal Government in the Southwest, are World War veterans. So well has Veterans' Preference worked in this great project that it has been written into all construction projects since negotiated by the Government

Veterans' Preference, approximately forty percent of them have been and are veterans of the World War. It's a three-shift proposition, in temperatures that range from twenty to 120 degrees in the course of a year, and the work calls for the highest quality of grit and stamina. So it's essentially a young man's job—the average age of those on the payroll this past summer was 32 years. But the war veterans, on the testimony of the men who employ them, stand the gaff as well as the youngsters.

It was in the Legion post at Las Vegas that the impetus for getting preference for veterans on this great job originated, a good many years back. When the contractors came to start work under the provisions of the Swing-Johnson Congressional Act that authorized the building of the dam, they were frankly skeptical about this provision giving ex-soldiers a preferred status. They were very humanly fearful that the veterans who applied



Its center the boundary line between Nevada and Arizona, the huge mass of reinforced concrete that is Boulder Dam will force the Colorado River to deliver hydro-electric power that will pay the costs of construction inside fifty years. The world's greatest dam, it will be in operation next year

would expect to draw their pay for very little work, if any. But the provisions of the law were there, and . . .

Fortunately, within a few months of the start of construction the responsibility of hiring men for the job devolved upon

Leonard T. Blood, a Legionnaire of experience in hiring and one who has the happy faculty of going behind what a registration card tells him in picking a man for a given task. His office, the Nevada State Employment Service, affiliated with the United



Looking down on the site of the great reservoir which the dam will bring into being. The flat topped hill in the right background will form a small island, and the ridge in the foreground will be submerged. In some places the reservoir will be almost 600 feet deep

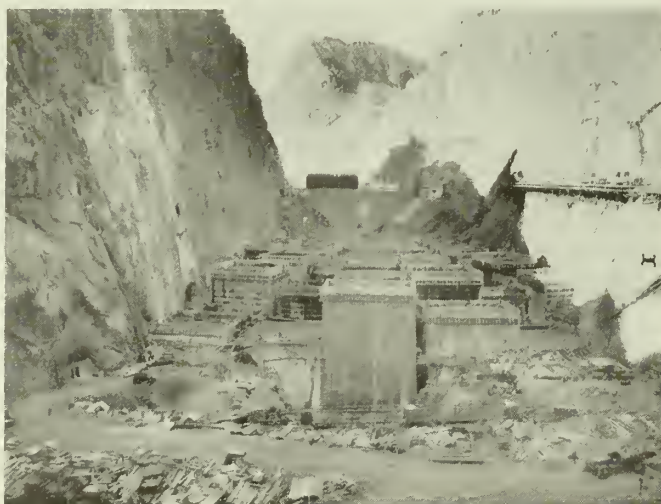
States Employment Service, took over the task in mid-August of 1931. Over 90,000 applications for jobs were received, from all over the nation. To these men a form letter went out with the information that only those who could pass a thorough physical examination would be accepted, and that anyone who showed up at the employment office in Las Vegas must be prepared to support himself for possibly weeks before he would be employed. An indication of the way in which Veterans' Preference has worked in hiring men is the fact that less than fifty percent of the total registering at the office in Las Vegas, the gateway to Boulder Dam, in the past year have landed jobs, while ninety-two percent of the veterans applying were given employment. Right here let me give warning that now is no time to set out for Boulder Dam if you're looking for a job. The peak of employment has been passed and they are now laying men off. The total number of employes on October first was 4850 against a top of 5250. In February it is likely to be 4200. But Veterans' Preference has worked so well on this proving ground that it has been written into all government construction contracts since negotiated.

Before any work on the dam could be started it was necessary for the Union Pacific Railroad to build a 22-mile branch railroad line from near Las Vegas to the then blue-print town of Boulder City, eight miles west of the dam site. From Boulder City the Government pushed the tracks on to a point a few hundred feet

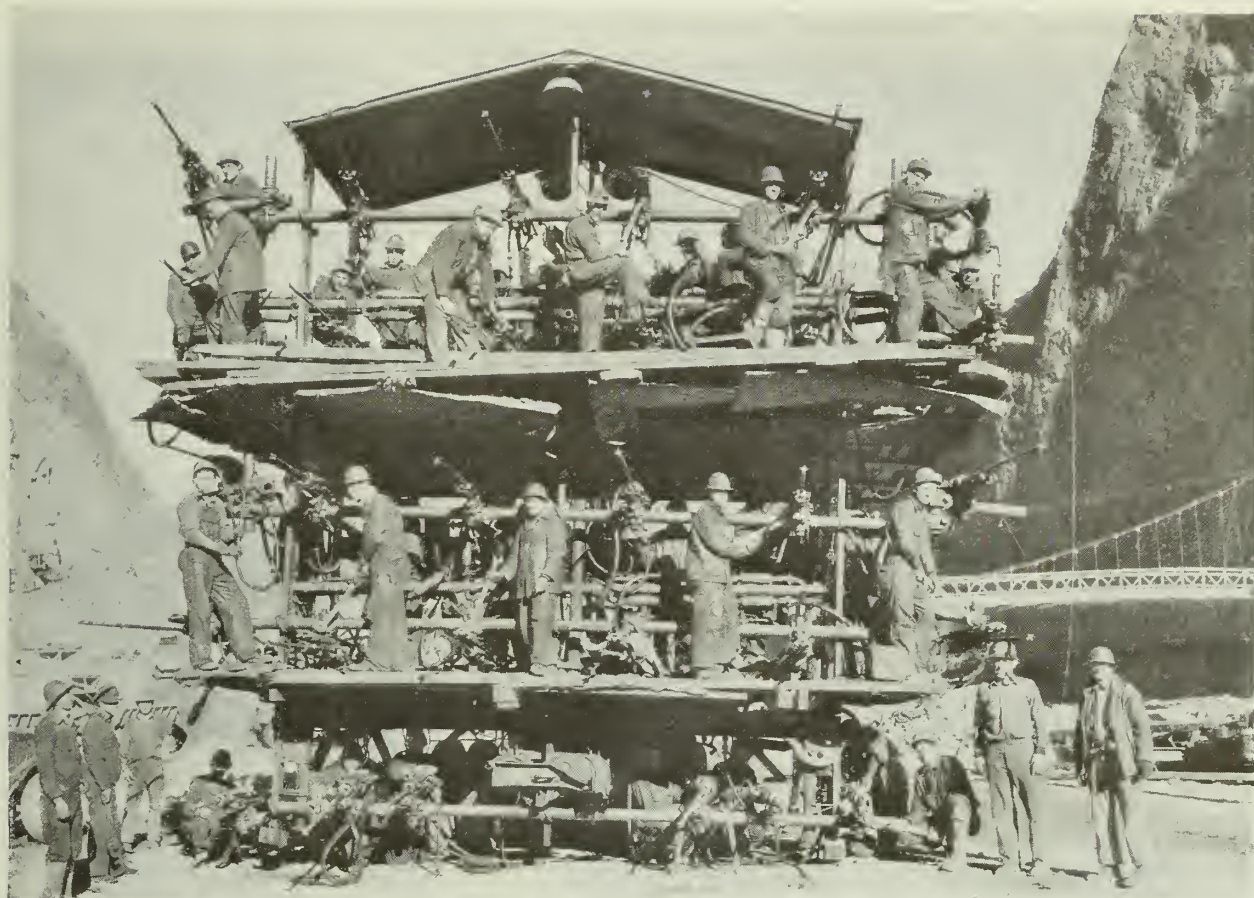
from the big job. An electrical transmission line was strung over mountains and desert from San Bernardino, California, 222 miles away, so that the work of construction might proceed.

And then they actually put Boulder City on the map, a curious combination of the permanent and the transient. Living quarters had to be provided for six thousand, and there must be stores, garages, restaurants, yes, a movie theater, as well as churches and schools. It had to be a mushroom town, for by this time the work of preparing the dam site was beginning. It had to be largely a city of wooden houses, for once the dam and its adjacent projects were completed the force would dwindle to a mere 150

men. Some forty of the little shacks in which the athletes lived while they were competing in the 1932 Olympic Games at Los Angeles were knocked down at the conclusion of the games and shipped to Boulder City. Thirteen huge dormitories have housed



The tremendous base of the structure expressed in concrete that runs 660 feet up and down stream. At the top it will be but forty-five feet thick



Machine gunners of peace. A drilling jumbo preparing to bite into the canyon wall for one of the tunnels which have carried off the water during construction

the greater portion of the workers, besides 660 frame houses for men with families. But there are some permanent buildings in the town, one hundred of this type put up by the Bureau of Reclamation, and both Las Vegas and the Boulder City people hope that the newer town will not dwindle to a handful of government employees. There will undoubtedly be a big tourist traffic through here in the years to come. With the highway across the dam swinging south to Kingman, Arizona, ninety miles away, tourists may well decide to make an overnight stop in Boulder City. There has been talk too of the Veterans Bureau using a portion of the city for a hospitalization project. Certainly the climate is right and there are large buildings and cottages that should lend themselves admirably to such a project.

It nestles on the slope of a hill, this made-to-order town that cost the Government and private contractors a total of \$2,900,000 to build. Crowning its summit, as if in tribute to the all-conquering element that makes it possible for man to exist in these parts, is a two-million-gallon tank that stores water pumped up from the Colorado. Shower bath installations are as plentiful in Boulder City as canes at a Legion national convention, and I have never seen

greener lawns than those in the part of the town that is to live on after Boulder Dam is completed. The city has a sewerage system, electricity for all the buildings, with air conditioning for the contractors' dormitories—even parking yards for automobiles. The permanent buildings, in the section up the slope, are of the

Spanish type of architecture, and though the temporary structures are of wood and may have to be torn down in a few years, they are not in any sense ramshackle. An experienced city planner laid out the town, and the contractors followed his specifications in building their dormitories, mess halls, hospital, storehouses, laundry, clubhouse, and the cottages in which families of men working at the dam are housed.

When I saw it a couple of months ago in company with Archie Grant, Las Vegas businessman and former National Executive Committeeman from Nevada, Boulder City had not yet begun to decline. The great recreation hall and clubhouse of the Six Com-

panies was crowded with one shift of workers, while a second was on its way back from the dam and the third had taken over the work for an eight-hour trick. The job runs seven days a week, but a man has no difficulty getting a (Continued on page 48)



The first concrete forms in position, on June 6, 1933. The railroad at the right is 217 feet above the bottom of the dam



“ STANDS IN THE SAME NEED
OF FRIENDLY COUNSEL AND SERVICE AS
WE DID SOME SEVENTEEN YEARS AGO ”

Drawing by Herbert Morton Stoops

NOT BY BREAD ALONE

Human Welfare in the Critical Winter Ahead Will Involve
More Than Food, Clothing, Shelter, Particularly Insofar as the
Youth of America—and the Hope of America—Are Concerned

by

Colonel Theodore Roosevelt

*Member, National Citizens Committee Sponsoring the 1934
Mobilization for Human Needs*

FOR some strange reason many of us have come to think, in the last few years, that if a man is "down on his luck," if he loses his job, all he or his family needs to see them through is food. I don't have to tell any man who has seen service in the army the importance of food. We all know. But when we look back over our army days we will, I think, find that there were other things which counted for a great deal also, so far as our morale, courage, happiness and comfort were concerned. I shan't name them all, for they are familiar to every member of The American Legion. There was hospital, medical and nursing care when we were ill; there was advice and counsel when we needed advice and counsel; there was recreation and entertainment which took us out of ourselves when our morale was low, and, last but far from least, there was that feeling that was always with us, that the people back home were behind us, to a man.

We seem to have forgotten in the present war against depression that the man without a job today stands in the same need of friendly counsel and service as we did some seventeen years ago when facing an uncertain tomorrow. I think it is extremely important that we of The American Legion keep the fact clearly in mind today: That, gigantic as the relief program of this country is, a great deal more than food is needed by the unemployed.

To the man without a job, the private social agencies of his community perform many of the services that not only Uncle Sam but our neighbors back home once did for us. These private agencies provide, for example, a great deal of the nursing and hospital care for the sick who cannot pay for this care. They also give counsel to families in distress and provide recreation and guidance centers where youths and their elders can congregate and find constructive outlets for the use of their leisure time. All of these community social-service organizations are valuable, but perhaps the ones least understood are our character-building and our leisure-time organizations for youth. A great many men feel that these organizations are "frills." Personally I believe these youth-guidance and character-building organizations have been filling a vital need, particularly so at the present time. My reasons are these:

For the past few years the whole world had been struggling in a major economic crisis. One of the saddest and most dangerous results has been what has befallen our young people. They graduate from schools and colleges with high hearts and high plans for their future, eager to take their places in the world. They look for work. They go from place to place. Always the answer is

the same: "There is none." They go back to their families night after night. There they find gloom. There they hear of the struggle that is going on to find means of support. They feel ashamed because they can find nothing to do. They feel they are not wanted and that they are of no importance in the world. Day after day brings hours of idleness. Their pride in themselves is broken, their standards are undermined. The dangers are self-evident. They hang around the corners. They go to the pool rooms. Everything is combining to demoralize them. At best they run the risk of becoming shiftless, but that is far from all, for it is possible through lack of anything worth while to do they may turn to crime.

SURVEYS today show that the juvenile criminal is becoming an ever-increasing part of our problem, and I believe the reasons that I have given above have brought this to pass. Our character-building agencies such as the Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, Boys' Clubs, Camp Fire Girls, Catholic Youth Bureau, Jewish Welfare Board, Y. M. C. A.'s, Y. W. C. A.'s, and the settlement houses, have a great part to play in the present national problem. They are prepared to play this part in two ways; first, by building in our young people a strong code of behavior, a keen sense of what they should and what they should not do, and a pride of organization which holds them to these standards. This type of character building carries young people through the period of which I have spoken and keeps them clean and fine until they become valuable citizens. I do not believe that the fundamental reason that breaks young people from their moorings is the fact that they are unable to obtain work that returns them money. I believe that what breaks their spirits is the thought that they are of no value to the community, that they are not wanted.

The future of our country is bound up even more in the souls of our young people than in their bodies. Now, even more than ever before, our task must be to provide for these young people in this time of stress something that will carry them through with their ideals untarnished. We must make them realize that they are of value to their country. The Government cannot do it. It must be private endeavor. Part can come from the actions of individuals on the cases that come before them. Most must be done through our great character-building agencies. We must maintain them. We can do this if each of us will give generously to these organizations through our community chests or other welfare appeals.

5 FIRSTS—

There Weren't Any More

By John J. Daly



The world champion band of Milwaukee's Blatz Post of The American Legion captures Berlin. In the background, the famous Brandenburger Gate

AN AMERICAN LEGION band after winning the world's championship in Geneva this summer went marching through Germany.

And all Germany, as if by edict, turned out to welcome the boys of Blatz Post—the band that made Milwaukee famous. Previously, this outfit had won four national championships in band contests at American Legion conventions.

From one end of Germany to the other—from Bremerhaven, the landing point, to Coblenz, where many of them served as members of the Army of Occupation—the Milwaukee musicians blew trombones and tooted cornets, beat cymbals and drums, and carried Old Glory parading and serenading before the German people.

Everywhere the boys went they got the Nazi salute. Cries of "Heil America" mingled with the national salutation, "Heil Hitler."

As a grand and genuine gesture on a tour that included most of the principal German cities where the band gave concerts, it marched down Unter den Linden and placed a floral wreath on the German War Memorial.

There has been nothing like this in Germany since the World War, since the revolution, since the beginning of the Third Reich, since the Hitlerites came into power.

When the Americans set foot on German soil they were welcomed, paradoxically as it may seem, by old and dear friends. Later, it was discovered that many of these fellows had fought against each other in nearby trenches. They knew each other when—. The Kyffhäuser Bund, German equivalent of The American Legion, turned out en masse, extending the hand of friendship to their former battle foes.

At Bremen, on the first night of the Americans' visit to Germany, the band played to a group of 22,000 people—in the largest music hall in the city. The burgomaster of Bremen gave them the keys to the city.

Hindenburg died two days after the Legion band arrived in Germany. The nation went into a fourteen-day period of mourning for its Field Marshal-President. Throughout the entire country not one note of music, even funereal, was heard. The order had gone forth that all instruments should be stilled, even pipe organs in churches. Gloom settled over the Legion band. Its sponsors had arranged a schedule of concerts for every night in that two weeks' session of grief.

Then, out of a clear sky, came orders from the German government that the band should give its concert booked for Coblenz. The Kyffhäuser Bund had gone to bat.

That concert took place on the Sunday night following Hindenburg's death—the only music in all Germany.

At 7:45 o'clock, the American musicians assembled on the open air stage of the Town Hall Park in Coblenz. There, 17,000 persons paid admission to hear the band. Three or four thousand more crowded in a semi-circle outside the enclosure. The concert was to begin at eight o'clock.

Promptly at that hour all the bells in Germany began to peal—a mournful dirge in memory of Hindenburg; a pre-conceived order from Hitler.

The bells of Coblenz are big bells. They tone magnificently. Ten thousand bells startled the night air—church bells, bells on school houses, fire alarm bells. The tintinnabulation of the bells, all the bells that Poe ever dreamed of. Bells, bells, and more bells. It was tough on a band trying to give a concert.

No band in the world could compete with those bells—not even the band from Blatz Post. While the assembled Germans bowed their heads, the American musicians, in dismay, waited on the stage one full hour—till the bells were silenced.

Then the concert began. It was not such a concert as Veasey Walker, leader of the band, had planned. He had determined to bring Germany the outstanding new American numbers, some of them tinged with jazz.

When officers of the high command came to George Weber,

show the versatility of his band. That is one thing this band prides itself on. It can play anything from nursery tunes to grand opera. It claims to be a combination symphony orchestra and brass band. While Coblenz knew none of this, it was all demonstrated afterwards, a week later, when the Legionnaire band competed against 148 bands from all nations, entered in the international band contest at Geneva, Switzerland. That is when the boys were crowned world's champions.

That concert at Coblenz, however, the only music in the fourteen-day period of mourning for Hindenburg, proved after all to be not so disappointing as the Americans expected. When the German audience—music lovers all—heard the boys from Milwaukee rip into the Wagnerian music, the Germans went wild. Not ordinarily demonstrative, they threw their hats in the air.

This enthusiasm came very near breaking up the concert—in an innocent way—for it awakened the dogs. The Germans, it seems, like to take their dogs to open air music festivals, where beer is served. When the dogs heard the hurrahs they began barking. Several dachshunds and a police dog broke loose during the following numbers, all disconcerting to the musicians. The bells and the dogs almost whipped 'em.

However, the music critics were kind. They were there representing the leading German newspapers. Next day, columns of comment were devoted to the Americans. The dean of critics in Coblenz went so far as to wire Hitler, "The American Legion Band is splendid."

The American Legion Band turned out to be great. It left



Through crowded streets of the German capital the Blatz Legion band makes its way, its drum major's evolutions and convolutions the high spot in the proceedings

manager of the band, and told him the Coblenz concert would be permitted—an honor nobody expected—it was specified that only classical, semi-classical and sacred music should be played, with perhaps a few martial airs. No profane music. This, in memory of the dead President.

As a consequence, Bandmaster Walker had little chance to

the German provinces and went on to Switzerland to meet all comers in a contest which the press and public had practically conceded to the French.

One of the stumbling blocks before the Americans was the reading of sight-music in French—a process that involves transposition to a half tone by the (Continued on page 57)

TWELVE RULES *for* TIRE HEALTH

By K.D. Smith

Technical Superintendent, Tire Division, B. F. Goodrich Company

TIMID ocean travelers have been known to worry all the way across the Atlantic because only an inch of steel separated them from drowning. A timid motorist could with just as much justification worry because only an inch of rubber stands between him and serious accident, perhaps violent death, when he is driving rapidly on the highway. Just as the veteran voyager accepts his inch of steel unquestioningly millions of automobile drivers trust their automobile tires as long as this equipment is well made and in good condition.

To the professional driver who senses every variation in the performance of his car as acutely as he feels his own body, a blow-out is neither unexpected nor under favorable conditions a catastrophe. Hour after hour test drivers travel at high speeds on highways and tracks to learn just how long a tire will last. They know blowouts may eventually come, but several seconds in advance the professional feels a blowout on the way. If he has been traveling at 80, he is braked down to perhaps 40 by the time it lets go. And because of his skill, about the worst that can happen is that his car leaves the road and rolls a few yards with no harm either to car or to driver.

There are a few basic facts about tires which most people do not know because they have never stopped to think about them. In the first place, it is not the tire which carries the load of your vehicle. You ride on air—the tire is merely the envelope that holds the air. Second, the tire is the only part of the vehicle through which your wishes can be converted into motion—a stop, or a change of direction—for it is the only contact between the vehicle and the road on which it moves. Third, the tire is subject to almost every variety of strain imaginable—internal and external pressure, squeezing, lengthwise push and pull, twisting, warping and pounding, and not least of all the centrifugal force which tends to tear off the tread from the cotton-reinforced carcass of the tire. Taken all together, these constitute genuine punishment for an article constructed of rubber and cotton. And while modern tires are built to take a great deal of punishment, there is a limit to what even the best of them can withstand.

Unfortunately for most of us, our blowouts (if we have any) come under less favorable auspices than the professional test driver's. Not one driver in a hundred thousand is attuned so sensitively to his automobile that he feels a blowout in advance. The average driver has had so little experience with blowouts that when one comes he does not usually know how to keep his car under control. On one side may be telegraph poles and a ditch, on the other side oncoming cars also traveling at high speed. If he eludes both sets of hazards and comes to a stop right side up, he has had at least a normal individual's share of luck—especially since more tires blow at high speeds than at low.

In the early days of automobiling a blown tire was likely to be less dangerous for several reasons. Driving speeds were lower. Tires were smaller. Traffic was less dense.

Back in 1896 Alexander Winton of Cleveland asked us to make six single-tube pneumatic tires, 34 x 4 for front and 36 x 4 for the rear, for one of the machines called automobiles which were just

coming to public notice. We accepted his order on condition that he pay not only for the tires but also for the tire molds. His bill was \$300 for the first set of automotive pneumatic tires made in the United States. They were essentially bicycle tires on a larger scale, and although they served Winton's purpose, on a modern automobile, driven at ordinary road speeds, it is doubtful whether they would last ten miles.

This year the statisticians estimate that the American public will buy 34,000,000 tires to replace those they will wear out, paying for them more than \$360,000,000 at current retail prices. Another 11,000,000 tires will probably be sold as original equipment on new motor vehicles. Even if you don't like figures, you can appreciate these as an index of how the automobile has changed the living habits and the budget of the average family.



"The tire is the only contact between the vehicle and the road on which it moves"



PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING

"It is a conservative statement that the tire bill of the American public could be reduced twenty-five percent, and all the worn-out tires discarded, if drivers would observe a dozen rules for taking care of their tires"

Thirty years ago the average motorist needed four replacement tires a year and each tire and tube cost him approximately \$43.60. Accordingly his new tire bill each year was around \$174. Ten years ago the ordinary motorist averaged slightly more than two and one-half tires a year at a cost of \$30.20 apiece, a total of \$79.30 annually.

Today the average motorist requires only about 1.4 new tires a year at a cost of about \$10.60 each. Hence the average renewal expense for tires now is about \$14.84 a year, against \$174.40 thirty years ago.

Men in the rubber industry often speak of the race between the automobile and the tire, for it has been a race every month of the way. Those six tires for which Winton paid us \$50 apiece in 1896 would by 1901 have been inadequate to the speeds and driving conditions to which automobiles had already developed. Meanwhile, however, tires had been so improved that they met the needs of the day.

There is no necessity for detailing here how the automobile

makers have improved their product since then. You have seen it happen. Some of these improvements, such as better balance and better distribution of sprung and unsprung weight, have simplified the tire maker's task. But most of the automobile's progress has thrown additional burdens on the tires.

It is not surprising that men who make tires remind you that the operation of your car, your comfort, your safety and your family's safety make constant demands upon ingenuity and manufacturing.

If this statement sounds boastful, and I sincerely hope it does not, it should be explained as introductory to some advice which will presently be offered to help you attain greater economy and safety from your tires. You will need some of these facts for background.

Highway driving speeds have risen from 35 to 60 miles an hour in the past ten years. Your engine has so much power that you can spin your rear wheels from a standing start on a dry pavement. Your four-wheel brakes stop (Continued on page 59)

POCKETS

Are Not Always What They Seem

By Wallgren



Bursts and Duds

Conducted by Dan Sowers



PRIVATE SHEPHERD had been in the Army a week when his sergeant asked:

"What do you think of the Army as far as you've gone?"

"I may like it after a while," he replied, "but just now I think there's too much drilling and fussing around between meals."

DURING a discussion on mint juleps, L. V. Hauk, for many years Chairman of Indiana's Legion Rehabilitation Committee, said he used to visit southern Indiana, where he had several acquaintances.

On the ride up from the depot to the hotel on the occasion of one visit, he inquired of the old Negro porter on the bus about a friend of his, and he was told his friend had died. He asked the porter the cause of his friend's death.

"Well, suh," replied the old man, "it was jes' like dis. De jedge had a gemmun visitin' him las' summer from 'cross de river in Kentucky. An, de gemmun from Kentucky taught de jedge how to drink his whiskey with greens in it, an' de jedge jes' nachally ate hisself ter death."

AND Dr. G. T. Gregory of Indianapolis tells us that when he was a boy the new teacher had a classmate on the carpet for being untidy.

"Just look at your hair—how unkempt!" he said. "In my youth, I brushed my hair three or four times a day."

"Yes, sir," replied the boy. "And look what happened—you swept it all away."

IT IS told that when Legionnaire Guy R. Maloney was Superintendent of Police in New Orleans he asked an applicant for a position on the force: "If you were ordered to disperse a mob, what would you do?"

"Pass around the hat, sir," was the reply.



AND then there's the new ensign who was not pleased with the leisurely way in which a crew was manning the deck.

"Olsen!" he called to the boatswain's mate. "Have the men scrub down with a little more rapidity."

Olsen scratched his head for a moment and replied:

"I bane twenty-five year in Navy. I hear scrub down with lye, scrub down with water, scrub down with sand, but by yumpin' yimminy I never hear dot scrub down with this rapidity!"

FROM Judge Roy P. Noble, Legionnaire of Laurel, Mississippi, we get one about the morning line having been formed in police court, with a frequent offender summoned to the bar.

"Henry Jones, you are charged with habitual drunkenness!" declared the magistrate with unusual sternness. "What have you to offer in excuse of your offense?"

"Habitual thirst, your honor."

IT WAS Decoration Day, and nature had bountifully decorated a beautiful cemetery in which impressive memorial services were being held. When the services were over and the wreaths placed upon the graves and the crowd was leaving, a little boy clutched his father's hand and asked:

"Daddy, don't you wish you were buried here?"



ALADY who had just come into a bit of wealth haughtily addressed the clerk at the glove counter: "I want a pair of the best gloves you have."

"Yes, ma'am," politely replied the clerk. "How long do you want them?"

"Don't git insultin' to me, young man! I want to buy 'em, not hire 'em."

IT WAS at the Eastern finals of the Junior baseball eliminations. Six teams were present, and along with them had come friends and relatives to see the games. From one small town had come the Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, and ever on the job, he had brought with him literature describing the town's enterprises and civic attainments, etc. According to Chuck Wilson, Assistant Director of the Legion's Americanism Commission, a lad on the team from a rather large city was reading the circulars in the lobby of the hotel, when all at once he was heard to exclaim:

"This burg's population is twenty thousand—and they brag about it!"

LITTLE Rolly had been caught telling a fib, and his stern teacher asked:

"Don't you know that George Washington never told a lie?"

"No, sir. I only heard it," was the truthful reply.



WHILE gazing in the window of a book shop, Tony's eye took in the following sign: **BURNS' WORKS ALL THIS WEEK FOR ONLY \$6.50**

"Dat's wan hell of a t'ing!" exclaimed Tony in disgust. "He musta be wan big piker!"

COMRADE G. A. JOHNSON of Philadelphia is responsible for this one. The transport had been running in heavy seas, and most of the soldiers on board were seasick. Two of them managed to stay on deck. One felt so badly he stretched out in the waterway, while his buddy sat on a bitt with his head cupped in his hands looking straight ahead with that hooked-trout look in his eyes. The boatswain's mate piped for the second division to "relieve the wheel."

"What did he say?" asked the seasick soldier in the waterway.

"Feed the whales, I think," replied his buddy.

"Feed the whales, hell! I've been feedin' 'em all the way over!"

THE *Wall Street Journal's* Ken C. Hogate is telling one about the partners of a New York brokerage house who were having a luncheon conference at an uptown hotel. One of them appeared very worried during the progress of the meal, and finally he was asked the cause of his abstraction.

"I just happened to remember that I neglected to lock the safe before I left the office," he replied.

"Why worry?" said another member of the firm. "We're all here."

A TIMID little man was about to take an examination for life insurance. His more dominating, commanding and better half was at his side.

"You don't dissipate, do you?" asked the doctor. "Not a fast liver, are you?"

The man, hesitated a moment, looked a bit frightened, then replied in a small, piping voice:

"I sometimes chew a little gum."



PAUL J. MCGAHAN, National Historian of the Forty and Eight and former National Executive Committee member from the District of Columbia, tells of

this conversation between two cockneys:

"Hi say, 'Arry, 'ave you got any lices?"

"'Ead lices?"

"No, shoe lices."

Advance Men for SANTA CLAUS



This scene showing Crosscup-Pishon Post in Boston getting ready to play Santa Claus was duplicated in thousands of Legion clubhouses at last Christmas time

JOHNNY—that must serve as his name, according to Post Commander S. W. Widmer—walked into the American Legion clubhouse at Piedmont, West Virginia, two days before last Christmas while the members of Kelly-Mansfield Post were busy sorting the hundreds of toys which they had just finished painting and repairing. He was ragged and hungry looking. The soles were gone from his shoes, so that the Legionnaires who first looked at him over the tops of the piles of bicycles, electric trains and gayly colored games thought he was bare-footed—he walked so noiselessly.

Up and down the rows of toys he moved, pausing now and then before a doll dressed in Scottish tartan, a miniature truck with real headlights, a baseball game that had lain a half dozen years in someone's attic before the Legionnaires salvaged it. At last he stood still for a long time. They saw him gazing at an accordion. He picked it up, ran his fingers along the keyboard, pulled back the leather bellows. He smiled happily as he heard its tones. Then he sighed.

"What is Santa Claus going to bring you?" the nearest Legionnaire asked him.

"Nothing, because my daddy is not working,"

he said simply, as if it was the most natural thing in the world not to expect anything at Christmas.

He told them what his two little sisters would like, and what his three brothers would like to have.

"And I would like an accordion," he added, "only I know I will never get *that*."

Then he told them other things. He had been in the fourth grade at school. But he hadn't been going to school lately. The school nurse had sent him home. She had said he wasn't strong enough—hadn't been getting enough to eat. The Legionnaires noticed again his shoes—the toes were sticking through the caps.

When Johnny left the clubhouse he was wearing a pair of shoes which had soles, a pair of shoes which surrounded the toes which had been so lately visible. He hurried away to tell his brothers and sisters there was a chance that Santa Claus might come after all—only, of course, Santa Claus just simply couldn't give everybody everything. Accordions, for example.

Kelly-Mansfield Post played Santa Claus to 320 children last Christmas Eve, in the towns of Piedmont and Beryl, in West Virginia, and



the neighboring Maryland towns of Westernport, Franklin and Luke. The very first home Santa Legionnaire visited was Johnny's. Santa knew just what Johnny's two sisters wanted, and what his three brothers wanted, and, wonder of wonders, he handed to Johnny himself that very same accordion. Now, freshly polished, it seemed to gleam like a rainbow.

The Piedmont post found many Johnnies last year. What it discovered when it played Santa Claus for its community led it to undertake continuing work for the undernourished school children of the group of towns in two States which it serves.

What Kelly-Mansfield Post did in its own community was done also by thousands of other posts at last Christmas time, and will be done again in the Christmas season just ahead. Everywhere Legion posts have made Christmas happy by gathering and repairing toys and distributing them to children who might otherwise be overlooked. And everywhere posts have distributed baskets of food, erected community Christmas trees, sponsored the personal appearance of Santa Claus himself. It is a rare post that doesn't hold a Christmas party of some sort for its town's children. Here are some random reports of things posts did last Christmas:

Six weeks before last Christmas all wood-working equipment in Toronto, Ohio, was in the service of St. Mihiel Post, and as saws hummed and hammers clacked new toys were assembled and painted and old ones were repaired and renovated. In the American Legion Toy Shop, in the center of town, stacks of wheel-barrows, soldier sets, mechanical toys, dolls, cradles and blackboards grew larger daily. At Christmas the post gave presents to 750 boys and girls.

Crosscup-Pishon Post of Boston, Massachusetts, ever since it cleared \$27,000 at a boxing bout between Jack Sharkey and James Maloney which it staged at Braves Field in 1925, has been

Kansas, reports that four members of his post worked six weeks reconditioning toys of an estimated value of \$1,600 which were presented to 3,000 children. Similarly, Dr. George W. Ainley, Commander of Fairbury (Nebraska) Post, writes that his outfit presented to children 1,200 rehabilitated toys, and also 5,000 sacks of candy and 300 baskets of food. Aubuchon-Dennison Post of St. Louis, Missouri, distributed fifty baskets of meat and groceries to the needy.

Seattle (Washington) Post entertained 5,000 children at Christmas parties held at field houses of the city's parks. In Middletown, Pennsylvania, the American Legion clubhouse was made a toy factory, old toys were collected in the schools and 375 children were given presents. Leo Carey Post of Albert Lea, Minnesota, gathered toys which were repaired at the fire department headquarters. Charles C. Weybrecht Post of Alliance, Ohio, greeted 3,000 children while toys were handed out by Frank Greneiser, drum major, in the role of Santa. Colonel Joseph H. Thompson Post of Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania, distributed 600 bags of food to needy families.

At Dyersville, Iowa, Santa Claus had considerable difficulty in arriving on Christmas Day to greet personally 1,500 children. Thanks to Dyersville Post, he did arrive. There was no snow, but he came in a sleigh nevertheless—Legionnaires had mounted roller skates under the runners of his sleigh. He had no real reindeer, but Legionnaires had mounted antlers upon a team of Shetland ponies. Anyway, Santa was unmistakably himself and the sleigh-bells jingled merrily.

Other posts which reported unusual success in remaking Christmas toys and giving them out at parties included Beauvais Post of Tottenville, Staten Island, New York; Worth Lewis Post of Bessemer, Alabama; James Caldwell Post of Caldwell, New

Jersey; Eddy Glover Post, New Britain, Connecticut; Lowville (New York) Post, Little Falls (New York) Post and St. Mihiel Post of Toronto, Ohio.

Because of an epidemic, Baker (Oregon) Post had to postpone until New Year's Day the Christmas Dinner it gave for 250 children. The roast turkey was just right, and there was everything else to go with it, up to and including pumpkin pie. Leonard Wood Post of Los Angeles, California, presented hundreds of baskets of food to families, largely as the result of a benefit motion picture show at which cans

of food were given for admission. Long Branch (New Jersey) Post sent its members in automobiles to the homes of children to make it easy for all boys and girls to attend the Christmas party in the post clubhouse.

Albert J. Hamilton Post of Bellingham, Washington, has used a novel plan to build up during the year its Children's Christmas Box Fund. Each week the post mails greeting cards to all members whose birthdays come during the week. They are invited to attend the post meeting that week as honored guests, and at the meeting each walks up front to place in the Christmas fund a penny for each year of his new age. Last year's Christmas party



Every one of Illinois' 280 posts sent a Christmas stocking full of membership cards for the year ahead to Department Commander Charles Kapshull at his home in Deerfield. The posts ran Illinois membership up to 68,524 by October

distributing food and clothing to the needy. Last year at Christmas, the post distributed 8,000 pounds of smoked meat, 10,000 pounds of potatoes, 8,000 cans of fruit, 2,500 pounds of sugar, 2,000 articles such as shoes and clothing.

Tom W. Flory, Historian of Warren C. Black Post of Ottawa,



Cathay Post—all-Chinese post in San Francisco's Chinatown—entertained California Legionnaires during the department convention. Here are junior members of the reception committee

was a rousing affair for the children, and in the first nine months of 1934 the post accumulated more than \$100 to make its 1934 party equally great.

Past Commander Frank E. Weiser of St. Petersburg (Florida) Post conceived an unusual idea to make memorable the Christmas parties conducted by the post in The American Legion Hospital for Crippled Children and the new St. Petersburg Veterans Administration hospital. Legionnaire Mickey Moorhead painted giant Christmas cards, believed the largest ever sent by mail. They measured thirty inches by fifty inches and required 42 cents in postage at parcel post rates. The arrival of the cards featured ceremonies at both hospitals.

All the 280 posts of Illinois not only made Christmas happy for Department Commander Charles Kapschull of Deerfield, Illinois, but insured for him a successful whole year. Each post sent him a Christmas stocking full of membership cards for the new year, and these cards were the foundation upon which the Department built its membership to 68,524 on the eve of the Miami national convention. The Christmas stocking idea originated in North Carolina several years ago and has been used in a number of other States.

Making a "City Beautiful"

NOT so long ago the city of Beatrice, Nebraska, became conscious of the fact that there was something wrong with its civic dress. Rather, it was Biting-Norman Post of The American Legion which first detected the incongruity in the outward appearance of the city and called upon the citizenry to join with it in setting things right. Beatrice, the Legionnaires felt, was finely dressed from the waist up. It had a substantial business section, tree-lined, well-kept streets, thousands of homes surrounded by flowers and shrubbery. But below the waist, things were wrong. When you got to the banks of the Blue River, which winds through the city, you found tall weeds and

piles of rubbish and the ghosts of automobiles which died a dozen years ago.

It was as if a man wearing a spotless linen collar and a brand new coat were to display below his equator a pair of soiled and unkempt overalls. It was as offensive as civic halitosis or municipal B. O., and the Legionnaires decided the river dumps must go. The dumping grounds along most of the river banks were in strong contrast to the two beautiful parks which the community had built along the stream.

You would not recognize the former dumping grounds today, because a wide, landscaped parkway—Veterans Memorial Drive—now occupies the river's bank. It runs for more than a mile beside the clean waters, joining the two parks. With the two parks and the drive now a single elongated unit, the community's dream of a "city beautiful" has come true.

The dream has come true because the Legion post made a survey, acquired with great difficulty from many property owners title to the strip of land along the river and overcame all obstacles in the actual construction of the drive. Work began on October 1, 1933. It was well under way as a local independent project under the Legion's guidance when its completion was simplified by making it a project of the CWA and the FERA.

In all, \$32,002.50 was spent on the drive. Of this sum, \$23,240.22 was paid for labor by the local and federal agencies. More than fifty men were given continuous employment for many months. More than 45,000 cubic yards of earth were moved. Two bridges were built and two underpasses were constructed to eliminate railroad grade crossings. More than 2,700 trees and shrubs were planted.

At ceremonies held to mark the completion of the drive, Biting-Norman Post proudly read congratulatory messages from President Roosevelt, General Pershing, Secretary of War Dern, Nebraska's two United States Senators and all the State's congressmen, National Commander Edward A. Hayes of The Ameri-



can Legion and many other notables. Past Department Commander J. R. Kinder delivered a memorial address.

Remembered Men

THE 197 World War veterans who arrived in CCC Camp No. 1676 near Iron River, Wisconsin, may have felt as lonely as a detachment of casualties arriving at Brest in its roaring days of 1918. For they had all served in two other CCC camps, with no sign from the outer world that anybody remembered what they had done in the war. They had a surprise. Into camp marched the color guard and drum corps of Superior (Wisconsin) Post, escorting delegations of Legionnaires from The American Legion posts of Ashland and Washburn. The visitors had come just to pay a friendly call, to get acquainted, to offer the Legion's facilities to make their stay in camp and their visits to the neighboring town pleasurable. They had come also to present a large American flag for the camp's flagpole. They said they were coming back for chow another day.

"I cannot too strongly urge that any Legion post avail itself of the opportunity to visit one of these camps," writes Adjutant Jack Hoehle of Superior Post. "Get there at mess time if possible. Grab a mess-kit (just try to hold one now!) and enjoy a real old-fashioned army meal—with the coffee just as hot as ever and the flavor better than in 1918."

Honolulu to Athens

WHEN it is 12 o'clock noon in Washington, it is 6:30 A. M. in Honolulu and 7 P. M. in Athens. But even if Woodrow Wilson Post in Hawaii and Athens Post in the capital of Greece can't conveniently listen to the same radio programs as most of the other posts of the Legion do, they are not handicapped by the clock in the things they are doing to keep in line with those other posts between New York and San Francisco.

From Honolulu, Post Adjutant Biggs sends a photograph showing Legionnaires born in a score of different countries who took part in Woodrow Wilson Post's International Relations Night. At least one night each year is dedicated to international relations. This year eighteen members spoke or sang in their native tongues. The audience was left to guess who was who and what was what. In addition to Hawaiians and an American Indian there were



An unsightly dumping ground only a few months earlier, Veterans Memorial Drive in Beatrice, Nebraska, was sponsored by Bitting-Norman Post. It is two miles long, cost \$32,000, gave work to hundreds

representatives of Ireland, Armenia, France, Puerto Rico, Sweden, Poland, China, Wales, Greece, Portugal, the Philippines, Japan, Korea, Finland and Italy.

From Athens, Theodore L. Matsukes, recording secretary of Athens Post, sends an account of the post's observance of Fourth of July at which Lincoln MacVeagh, American Minister to Greece, gave the principal address. Athens Post was host at the



When it seemed Father Louis F. Grohman would have to abandon plans for an addition to his church in Denver because of costs, Leyden-Chiles-Wickersham Post gave its former chaplain a real helping hand. Legionnaires did all the work

celebration to the entire American colony and the Greek-American Club. The distinguished guests included the American Consul General, officials of the Greek Government and the Orthodox Church and members of the diplomatic corps of many nations. The program opened with the singing of The Star Spangled Banner and the playing of the Greek national anthem, "Ap ta Kokala Bgalmeny." It concluded with the playing of "Dixie," and then came the final homelike touch, the serving of ice cream and lemonade. Greek newspapers all published extended stories about the celebration on their first pages.

From Toronto, Ontario, L. A. Teamerson, Vice Commander of the Department of Canada, sends a report of the part taken by Toronto Post of The American Legion, in the memorable Fourth of July dedication of a monument commemorating the War of 1812 and the century of peace between Canada and the United States. Almost all the members of Toronto Post attended the ceremonies in a body and heard dignitaries of the two countries pay tribute to the dead of both sides. As a part of the observance, an American warship entered Canadian waters for the first time in 123 years.

G. P. O. Post

A NEW contender for the honor of being the largest American Legion post in the District of Columbia came into sight this fall when Government Printing Office Post was organized upon approval given by Legionnaire Augustus E. Giegengack, Public Printer, shortly after he had been made the chief of the big government plant which has 6,000 workers. The post started with an initial membership of 300 and its organizers expect its enrolment to grow to 1,000.

Outside Washington the new post (Continued on page 63)

SOUVENIRS *Again*

MEMENTOES, Ranging from Enemy Buttons to Police Dogs, Greatly Increased the Tonnage of the Homeward-Bound A. E. F.

IT WAS not only the time required to turn civilians into soldiers but also lack of sufficient transportation—transportation for troops and supplies and equipment—that delayed our country's active participation in the battles along the Western Front. Then, when the war had ended and our forces were being returned to their home-land, the transportation problem might again have become critical—not for men alone but for the tons of extraordinary baggage, added to Equipment C, which each man had acquired on the foot tour through the A. E. F.

That extraordinary baggage was composed of—souvenirs! Not content with having loaded the Army mails with tons of German helmets, sabers and everything else portable, last minute acquisitions were dragged along—and strange were the shapes of some of the packs which war-weary soldiers toted over the gangplanks onto the transports. You all know the old bromide to the effect that the British fought for the freedom of the seas, the French for Alsace-Lorraine—and the Americans for souvenirs! More truth than fiction in that story.

Livestock was included in the spoils of war. German police and other breeds of dogs came over in squad formation—running the gauntlet of the Port of Disembarkation. One veteran told how he had ingeniously constructed a small cage for two police dog puppies to fit into his blanket roll—his Equipment C having been distributed among buddies.

We're inclined to believe though that the souvenir pictured on this page is distinctive. The owner of it, Legionnaire M. C. Kirkwood of Rouseville, Pennsylvania, who supplied the picture, wonders if there are any duplicates of it on this side of the Big Pond. Comrade Kirkwood tells us how he acquired the cup:

"The enclosed picture shows a cup bearing a photograph of Field Marshal (and President) von Hindenburg—my prized souvenir of the war. The cup was found in an enemy dugout northeast of Septsarges in the Bois de Septsarges while I was serving as a sergeant in Company D, 12th Machine Gun Battalion, 8th Brigade, 4th Division.

"Our divisional sector for the start of the Meuse-Argonne drive was between Malancourt and Bethincourt. On September 25th, our brigade was moved from reserve trenches near Vigneville to the front line trenches on Hill 304. The 7th Brigade led off.



This cup, bearing the likeness of Field Marshal von Hindenburg, was found in a German dugout near Septsarges during the first days of the Meuse-Argonne Offensive. It came home with the finder, M. C. Kirkwood, 12th Machine Gun Battalion



When our Machine Gun Battalion reached Esnes, two of our companies were attached to the 58th Infantry and the advance continued to near Cuisy, which was reached early on September 27th. We continued to advance, and that night found the battalion headquarters in Septsarges, the four companies in a fan-like formation in front of the Bois de Septsarges. It was here that I picked up my souvenir.

"A copy of the picture of the cup was sent by me to the American Embassy in Berlin with the request that President von Hindenburg be asked whether the cup might have belonged to him. I also wanted von Hindenburg's autograph on the pictures. I received a reply dated October 21, 1932, from Sidney E. O'Donoghue, Second Secretary of Embassy, stating, 'I regret to inform you that President von Hindenburg, in view of the many calls upon his time and strength, has made it an unbreakable rule not to give his autograph to other than official persons. The Military Attaché to the Embassy spoke with a number of German army officers who suggested that the cups may have been made for sale as souvenirs.'

"I would like to know if there are any more of these cups in this country—or if any veterans saw any of them overseas."

EVERY so often the Then and Now Gang and its lowly Company Clerk are signally honored by having a member of the Legion Auxiliary join the ranks. We welcome these women contributors who show a definite interest in the reminiscences of

their men-folk and who, occasionally, as in this instance, have reminiscences of their own to report.

The women of the Legion have long since joined our ranks. Several Auxiliaries are now on our rosters. Now perhaps some of the Sons of The American Legion may decide to step forward with some of their Dads' reminiscences. The picture of the bunch of gobs at a Naval Aviation Camp which we display, came to us from Mrs. E. Charlotte Backus, a British war bride and now Secretary of The American Legion Auxiliary Unit of Joseph M. Connor Post in Ayer, Massachusetts, with this interesting letter:

"Sometime in one of the issues of the Monthly will you see if you can get a rise from any of the men who were in the Naval Aviation Camp at Cap Ferret near Arcachon and who spent their leaves in the latter town. There were also men from a camp at Le Courneau and La Teste who came to town. From La Teste to Le Courneau they rode on a toy train called by them the 'Galloping Goose,' which stopped every little while to enable the conductor to drive cows from the line.

"The enclosed snapshots taken at Cap Ferret might scare some of them out.

"The F. A. R. R. band from Le Courneau used to play in the Place Gambetta on Sunday afternoons. It would certainly be interesting to hear of some of those outfits again.

"The enclosed pictures were given to me by one of the men in the Naval Aviation service at Cap Ferret. With some other English residents of Arcachon, I worked in the American Y. M. C. A. without pay, to help all I could during war time. It was there I obtained the pictures. I have not seen nor heard from any of the men since 1919. That is all I can tell about the pictures, as I was not in the Army, only married into it and came over here.

to reports we received, have been organized in the States.

HERE is another chance, men and women of the Legion, to render a service which only we, as veterans, can render. A request from a Gold Star mother that former comrades of her boy step forward and tell her something about what that lost son did before he gave his life in the war. We know you won't fail her. Here is the request, which came to us through Adjutant A. H. Zindel of Rock of the Marne Post of the V. F. W. in New York City:

"I am writing in regard to the request of a mother of one of the deceased members of the 38th United States Infantry. She is trying to locate some old buddy who might remember her son, Arthur Rechnitz, mechanic of Company D of that regiment, who was killed in action on October 8, 1918.

"The mother, Mrs. Rose Reynolds of the Bronx, New York City, would like some information about her son before he was killed. She would be very happy to meet some of her boy's old buddies personally to talk over her son's Army life, or a letter would be welcomed."

Letters from Comrade Rechnitz's former buddies of the 38th Infantry may be sent to the Company Clerk in care of the Monthly, who will promptly forward them to Mrs. Reynolds.



ANOTHER vet—a Gyrene, this time—steps forward with a tale of service far from the madding throng on the Western Front. We're glad to hear from the other sectors of the American Army in the World War. One thing always gets us, though, and that is the invariable statement of men who did their hitches in Siberia or North Russia or the Philippines or Cuba that they



Here is a snapshot that will arouse the memories of ex-gob airmen. It shows the Naval Aviation Camp at Cap Ferret near Arcachon, France, and was sent to us by Auxiliare E. Charlotte Backus, a British war bride who served in the American Y. M. C. A. hut in the latter town during the war

"Mr. Backus—Edward E. Backus—is a Past Commander of Joseph M. Connors Post. He was not in the Naval Aviation Corps but was in the Infantry and helped to build the Balloon School at La Teste."

We might add, incidentally, that here's a prospective member for one of the several British War Bride Clubs which, according

spent their time there but they didn't know why. Maybe sometime someone will explain the why of it.

But let's listen to the Leatherneck. He's John L. Schwartz, Adjutant and Service Officer of Charles Faust Post, Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio:

"Some months ago—last January I believe—my copy of the



The colonel's "car," with Leathernecks Warren and Watkins as motive power, goes for a spin down a road constructed by the 94th Company, 7th Regiment of Marines, on famous San Juan Hill in Cuba. The regiment did its World War hitch on the Island

Monthly arrived as per usual and, blow me down, if there wasn't a picture taken down in Cuba.

"Just now I wish to present you with another picture taken on San Juan Hill on October 9, 1917, of men of my old outfit, the 94th Company, 7th Regiment, U. S. Marine Corps. The two fellows dragging the colonel's 'car' are named Warren (left) and my old buddy, Wes Watkins. Where are they now, I wonder?

"The road they are traveling is one that was constructed by the old 94th Company and leads from down by the old Agriculture College right up to camp headquarters. Up the slope to the right of the picture is the historic old block house.

"The 94th Company was the first to leave the camp on Deer Point and move to San Juan Hill. We were later joined by several other companies of the regiment. About November, 1917, the 94th Company removed to Bayamo and it was still there in July, 1918, when I was transferred to the States and finally landed in the 13th Regiment under (then) Colonel Smedley Butler.

"What were we doing in Cuba? I thought you would ask that one. And to tell you the truth, none of us ever knew. Oh, of course, we knew what we did day by day but the reasons for doing it will ever remain a deep, dark secret. We hiked. We drilled. We hiked. We drilled. And so on, ad infinitum. We probably gave the native Cubans the idea that American Marines liked to walk around in the hot sun. And we very likely earned the title of 'Tourist Marines,' that was given me by a hard-boiled hero from the Second Division while I was at the Legion convention in Chicago.

"But I can say right here and now that those of us who got down to Cuba with the 7th Regiment were not scared down that way by any big wind. We were in on the ground floor and were hard and sea-going long before some of those Second Division replacements had ever left their sunny firesides."

We have heard from men who served in most of what we may call the out-posts of the service during the war period. There

may still be some hidden corners, however, where troops were stowed away—perhaps Guam, Haiti and such points. How about stepping forward and letting us have some action pictures and stories of life in those parts?

THE elusive "Elmer" who has been so much sought at Legion conventions, or at least one of the Elmers, has been found.

The only thing we regret is that he didn't make his whereabouts known sooner so that the "Elmers" of the Legion might have been rounded up before the Miami national convention which will have long since folded up before this issue reaches the gang.

His appeal, however, will hereby get an early broadcast for the 1935 convention, wherever it might be held. So frank is the statement of his stand, however, that we are glad to publish the letter from Elmer James Casey, Y. D. Post, The American Legion, formerly Company F, 101st Engineers, 26th Division, 76 Mt. Pleasant Avenue, Roxbury, Massachusetts:

"After many months of trying to get up my courage to write to you, the time has arrived. In looking up your last and usual place of abode in the Monthly, I find you hiding under the title of 'The Wolfhounds Pick a Winner' in the September issue.

"I think readers of our excellent publication would be interested in a proposition which I will try to outline:

"It is about the much talked of individual who causes oceans of laughter to flow at national conventions of the Legion. None other than 'Elmer, the Great,' little or otherwise.

"Here it is: If every Legionnaire who happens to be blessed (or otherwise) with the name of Elmer will drop me a penny postcard with the following information, we will probably be able to raise the great name of Elmer to heights it once had: Name in full, address, Legion post affiliation, outfit.

"Remember this information will not (Continued on page 63)



THE VOICE *of the* LEGION

Charting the Course for the Next Several Years, Military Training in Colleges, and Membership Engage Editors' Attention

FOR the fifteenth time over eleven thousand posts of The American Legion are relieving the old guard. New post and Department officers assume their stations.

A good time to take stock . . . Our membership still grows . . . Internal organization is in good shape . . . Our disabled are properly protected, and a vigilant rehabilitation committee has laid out a sane, reasonable policy that gives thought to the needs of our wounded as well as the ability of our taxpayers to render aid.

National defense, child welfare, Americanism and youth activities have well-defined courses that lead to equally discernible objectives.

Much has been done in those fifteen all-too-short years since we shed our O. D. pants, breathed a sigh of relief and began to raise families and battle against increasing waist lines.

Much to which we can point with proper pride. Darn little to apologize for.

We have ten more effective, growing, fruitful years, if we are to follow the course of older veteran outfits. Ten more years of building and healthy, creative growth.

Let us use those final ten years of our upward march in constructive service to our community, State and nation. Let us serve now in our still youthful years in such effective manner that we will make our old home town a better place to live in.

In the measure that we serve our community in the next decade, just so will we prosper and hold the high regard of our neighbors in the declining years beyond.—*Egyptian Legionnaire, Herrin, Illinois.*

MILITARY TRAINING

THE gauntlet was thrown down to Ohio Legionnaires last week by ministerial conferences which would first abandon military training at Ohio State University, for all so-called "conscientious objectors," and then seek excuses for those who do not want to take it for one reason or another.

The American Legion is for military training for the able bodied at Ohio State.

If ministers and pacifists in Ohio do not want "conscientious objectors" to take military training, why then do they not seek the easier way out—stay away from Ohio State University?

Rules of the university are laid down by a board of trustees and the legislature. They are known to these objectors before they enroll. So long as they know what they can expect before they enter, why then do they persist in going to Ohio State?

There are other state-supported institutions where they can receive an education equal to that they will receive at Ohio State. Why then do they go to Ohio State—to stir up trouble?

Unless we awaken we will soon be a nation of pacifists and then we will be overrun with reds and other foreign elements who will take our country because we are "conscientious objectors," or just too lazy to defend ourselves.

The American Legion does not want war. It wants peace. If we of the Legion were in favor of war, would we be pressing for

the passage by Congress of the Universal Draft Act? Nay, for if that act comes to pass, it will mean that in the event of war, these United States of ours will be empowered to draft your dollars, your business and your son to do battle with the enemy.

We are for an adequate defense, first, last and always, as a positive assurance of peace.—*Ohio Legion News.*

GET THOSE DRIVES OVER EARLY!

TOO much emphasis cannot be given the request of your retiring National Commander, Ed Hayes, that membership rolls be built up for 1935 to 1934 strength just as soon as possible. Under the Department constitution, all Legion posts in Oregon are expected to have their new officers elected and installed before the latter part of this month. Their first efforts should be concentrated on the membership of their post for the duration of their regime.

We know you get tired of the constant membership drives, the necessity for going after eligibles who should be only too willing to join the organization which has done so much for them and, in particular, their disabled comrades. But as long as human nature is what it happens to be and there remains a necessity for a membership impressive in numerical strength, we shall probably continue to have drives. But happy is that post which reaches the membership which it should attain in its district shortly after the new officers take the reins. With that hurdle past, the post can devote itself to other activities so important to its position in the community and to its service to its comrades.

From every section of Oregon come reports that The American Legion is on the verge of another banner year, that there is real interest in its activities among eligible veterans and that the problem of membership should not be a problem at all this year. Here's hoping these reports are verified by results and that the activities of this great service organization need not be hampered by the interference of membership drives after the first of the year.—*Oregon Legionnaire.*

AMERICAN LEGION CLIQUES

EVER since there was an American Legion, your Commander has heard about the cliques that dominated and ran the post, the Department and the national organization. Today I am convinced that the charge is true. There is a clique that runs every post that is worth the paper its charter is written on. That's the clique that does the work and makes the wheels go around. That's the clique that gets the membership, finances the budget, plans the community program of the post, and ties the post's activities in with the Department. Look around you, and you will note that your church, your lodge and the very government of your county are all being run by cliques. In your church, the clique is honored by the title of "Pillars of the Church." The lodge venerates its clique. The politicians that give their time to running the government are styled patriots. Surely, we as an organization should honor the go-getters (Continued on page 62)

EDUCATION *of* WAR ORPHANS

Compiled by Major General P.C.Harris

*National Director, Education of War Orphans
Committee, The American Legion*

TWENTY-FIVE States and the District of Columbia now provide aid in the education of war orphans to supplement or match the Government compensation. The names of the States appear in the table following.

The Government compensation amounts to \$10 per month for one child and \$6 for each additional child, where there is more than one in a family. Under the original World War Veterans Act this compensation terminated when the child reached the age of eighteen. This Act was, however, in response to appeals of The American Legion, amended in May, 1928, so as to provide "that the payment of compensation shall be further continued after the age of eighteen years and until completion of education or training (but not after such child reaches the age of twenty-one years), to any child who is or may hereafter be pursuing a course of instruction at a school, college, academy, seminary, technical institute, or university. . . ."

Eleven of the State scholarship acts provide \$150 a year for each war orphan. Under the Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Delaware and the District of Columbia acts

each child receives \$200 a year; under the Massachusetts act, \$250 a year; and under the Wisconsin act, \$30 a month "while in regular attendance as a student." The California act provides \$250 a year for each war orphan attending a college, business or trade school, and \$135 a year for those in secondary schools.

In Louisiana there are three scholarship or beneficiary student acts. Under one the amount is limited to \$250 a year for each student and under another, to \$350. There is no specific limitation as to the amount in the third act.

The amount to be paid for each child in Michigan, Idaho and Arizona is determined by the State Welfare Department, Veterans' Welfare Commission and Veterans' Relief Commission, respectively. The North Carolina act provides "a scholarship of free tuition," and the North Dakota act authorizes the Board of Administration "to waive all tuition charges and fees for war orphans."

Other provisions of the acts of the District of Columbia and the twenty-five States that provide aid in the education of war orphans are shown in the following table.



STATE	AGE LIMITS	RESIDENCE REQUIREMENTS	ANNUAL PAYMENT FOR EACH CHILD	SCHOLARSHIPS AVAILABLE AT	ACT ADMINISTERED BY
ALABAMA	Not under 16 and not over 21	12 months in the State	\$150 and free tuition in State institutions	State educational or training institution of a secondary or college grade	State Board of Education
ARIZONA	See Note 1	See Note 1	See Note 1	See Note 1	Veterans' Relief Commission
CALIFORNIA	Over 16 and not more than 21	5 years in the State	\$250 for students of collegiate, business and trade school rank, and \$135 for students of secondary school rank	Any educational institution in the State, provided that private tuition schools shall be chosen only when suitable opportunity is not available in public or semi-public institutions	Veterans' Welfare Board
CONNECTICUT	Not under 16 and not over 23	None for those whose fathers entered the service from Connecticut; others, 5 years in the State	\$200	State educational or training institution of college grade, a state normal or state trade school, or any other institution of higher learning or commercial training within the State	State Board of Education
DELAWARE	Not under 16 and not over 21	12 months in the State	\$200	State educational or training institution of a secondary or college grade	Director of State Board of Vocational Education

STATE	AGE LIMITS	RESIDENCE REQUIREMENTS	ANNUAL PAYMENT FOR EACH CHILD	SCHOLARSHIPS AVAILABLE AT	ACT ADMINISTERED BY
GEORGIA	Not under 16 and not over 21	12 months in the State	\$150 and free tuition in State institutions	Educational or training institution of a secondary or college grade in the State	Director, Veterans' Service Office
IDAHO	See Note 1	See Note 1	See Note 1	See Note 1	Veterans' Welfare Commission
KENTUCKY	Not under 16 and not over 22	12 months in the State	\$150 and free tuition in State institutions	State educational institution of secondary or college grade and vocational, technical, and business schools	State Board of Education
LOUISIANA	None	Residents of parish, ward or City of New Orleans	See Note 2	See Note 2	Police Juries of the parishes and City Council of New Orleans
MAINE	Not under 16 and not over 22	None. See Note 3	\$150 and free tuition in State institutions	State institution of collegiate grade	State Department of Education
MARYLAND	18 and over	None. Limited to Maryland war orphans	\$150	Secondary school, college, university or training institution	Maryland Veterans' Commission
MASSACHUSETTS	Not under 16 and not over 22	Resident in the Commonwealth. See Note 3	\$250	State or county educational institution or other educational institution approved by Commissioner of Education	Commissioner of Education
MICHIGAN	See Note 1	See Note 1	See Note 1	See Note 1	State Welfare Department and Department of Rehabilitation
NEW HAMPSHIRE	Between the ages of 16 and 21	None. See Note 3	\$150 and free tuition in State institutions	State institutions of secondary or college grade	State Board of Education
NEW JERSEY	Between the ages of 16 and 21	12 months in the State prior to the passage of the Act	\$150	State educational or other technical or professional school of secondary or college grade in the State	The Adjutant General of the State
NEW YORK	None	Limited to children of soldiers, sailors and marines who were residents of State	\$200	Any college, university, normal, technical or trade school in the State	Commissioner of Education
NORTH CAROLINA	Not attained the age of 21	Resident of the State	None. Scholarship of free tuition only	Any State educational institution	State Commissioner of Education
NORTH DAKOTA	Not under 16 and not over 21	Limited to the 35 war orphans now in the State	None. Tuition charges and fees waived in State institutions	State educational or training institution of secondary or college grade	Board of Administration
PENNSYLVANIA	Between ages of 16 and 21	Legal residence in the State. See Note 3	\$200	Any State or State-aided educational or training institution of secondary or college grade or other institution of higher education in the State	State Veterans' Commission
RHODE ISLAND	Between the ages of 16 and 21	None. See Note 3	\$200	State College, College of Education, or other institution of collegiate grade in the State	State Board of Education
SOUTH CAROLINA	None	None. See Note 3	\$150 and free tuition in State institutions	State college or university	State Board of Education
UTAH	Not under 16 and not over 21	12 months in the State	\$150	State educational or training institution of a secondary or college grade	State Superintendent of Public Instruction
VERMONT	Not under 16 and not over 21	12 months in the State	\$150 and free tuition in State institutions	Educational or training institution in the State of secondary or college grade	State Board of Education

STATE	AGE LIMITS	RESIDENCE REQUIREMENTS	ANNUAL PAYMENT FOR EACH CHILD	SCHOLARSHIPS AVAILABLE AT	ACT ADMINISTERED BY
VIRGINIA	Not under 16 and not over 21	None for those whose fathers entered service from the State; others, 5 years	\$150 and free tuition in State institutions	Any educational institution in the State	State Board of Education
WISCONSIN	Not under 16 and not over 24	None	\$30 a month, up to total of \$1080	See Note 4	The Adjutant General of the State
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA	Between 16 and 21, inclusive	5 years in the District	\$200	No limitation in the Act	Board of Education

NOTE 1: The Veterans' Relief Commission of Arizona, the Veterans' Welfare Commission of Idaho, and the State Welfare Department and Department of Rehabilitation under Public Instruction of Michigan, have the power and authority to provide from their annual appropriations such assistance as they may deem necessary in the education of the war orphans of their respective States.

NOTE 2: Amendments approved July 15, 1932, to the Louisiana Female Student, Beneficiary Cadet and Agricultural Students Acts give preference in the selection of the beneficiaries to war orphans. Each female student is allowed \$250 a year, each beneficiary cadet, \$350 a year, and each agricultural student, sufficient "to defray the expenses of the young men and women." The scholarships are available at the Louisiana Industrial Institute at Ruston, the Southwest Louisiana Industrial Institute at Lafayette, the State Normal School and the Louisiana State University and Agricultural and Mechanical College at Baton Rouge.

NOTE 3: In Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, and South Carolina, the scholarships are limited to the children whose fathers entered the military or naval service of the United States from the State.

NOTE 4: In Wisconsin scholarships are available at "any of the public, elementary, high or vocational schools of this State, or in special schools organized for this purpose, or in the county training or county agricultural schools, or in the mining school, the normal schools, Stout Institute, or in the University of Wisconsin, or in any other institution of learning in this State at which was organized an S. A. T. C., or in any other institution of high school or collegiate grade in the State not run for profit."



IN addition to the Act of May 29, 1928, referred to in a previous paragraph, authorizing the continuance of the payment of compensation after the age of eighteen, Congress in June, 1926, passed an act increasing the number of cadets at the United States Military Academy and number of midshipmen at the United States Naval Academy by forty at each institution, to be appointed by the President from among the sons of those who were killed in action or died during the World War.

Information relative to appointments to West Point under this Act may be obtained from The Adjutant General of the Army, Washington, D. C., and information concerning Annapolis appointments may be had from the Bureau of Navigation, Navy Department, Washington, D. C.

During the last four years, five World War orphans have been graduated from the Military Academy and nine from the Naval Academy. The former were given commissions as lieutenants in the Regular Army and the latter as ensigns of the Navy.

Five World War orphans were admitted to the Military Academy in June, 1934, and ten to the Naval Academy. There are still twenty-two vacancies at West Point and twenty-seven at Annapolis.

The latest Veterans Administration check-up shows a total of 10,910 war orphans under 22 years of age in the United States. Of these, 6,300 live in the twenty-five States and the District of Columbia which provide aid

in the education of war orphans through special legislation.

The Education of War Orphans Committee has recognized that the two most important means of insuring educational opportunities for World War orphans are by continuance of the Government compensation after the age of 18 for children pursuing courses of instruction in schools, colleges and universities, and by State aid or State scholarships to supplement or match the Government compensation. The committee has recognized two other means of assistance. One is the remission of fees and other concessions to war orphan students by the college authorities. The other is help from philanthropic individuals where aid from other sources proves insufficient for tuition and other expenses.

Gratifying progress has been made in obtaining help from educational institutions through the remission of tuition and other concessions. In New Jersey, Princeton University will give free tuition to every war orphan who matriculates, and fifteen other educational institutions have offered scholarships for a limited number of war orphans. The Iowa Department reports that nineteen of the twenty-five fully accredited colleges in that State have given assurance of their willingness to grant special consideration to the applications of war orphans for tuition exemptions and scholarships.

In Missouri, Colorado, Connecticut and some other States, similar concessions have been offered by certain universities, colleges, and secondary schools.

WAR ORPHANS IN EACH STATE

THE American Legion's Education of War Orphans Committee has prepared the following table to show the number of World War orphans in each State. The term "war orphan" includes boys and girls whose fathers were killed in action or died from wounds or other causes during the period of the World War, between April 6, 1917, and July 2, 1921, the date of the legal end of the war. It applies to children whose mothers are still alive as well as to those who have lost both parents.

	18 to 21 Inclusive	Under 18	Total		18 to 21 Inclusive	Under 18	Total
Alabama.....	132	170	302	Nevada.....	3	3	6
Arizona.....	11	22	33	New Hampshire..	18	31	49
Arkansas.....	70	108	178	New Jersey.....	124	195	319
California.....	221	284	505	New Mexico.....	16	30	46
Colorado.....	51	68	119	New York.....	355	498	853
Connecticut.....	53	76	129	North Carolina..	94	186	280
Delaware.....	13	11	24	North Dakota....	5	30	35
Florida.....	83	110	193	Ohio.....	169	300	469
Georgia.....	159	227	386	Oklahoma.....	102	190	292
Idaho.....	18	14	32	Oregon.....	32	54	86
Illinois.....	236	336	572	Pennsylvania....	350	510	860
Indiana.....	104	194	298	Rhode Island....	32	45	77
Iowa.....	69	105	174	South Carolina..	85	175	260
Kansas.....	51	93	144	South Dakota....	16	34	50
Kentucky.....	106	183	289	Tennessee.....	120	236	356
Louisiana.....	130	197	327	Texas.....	210	259	469
Maine.....	38	57	95	Utah.....	15	33	48
Maryland.....	57	95	152	Vermont.....	17	22	39
Massachusetts...	124	221	345	Virginia.....	81	208	289
Michigan.....	102	175	277	Washington.....	45	74	119
Minnesota.....	62	114	176	West Virginia....	36	92	128
Mississippi.....	94	129	223	Wisconsin.....	55	130	185
Missouri.....	145	197	342	Wyoming.....	6	15	21
Montana.....	11	24	35	Dist. of Columbia.	56	54	110
Nebraska.....	42	72	114	Total.....	4,224	6,686	10,910

100,000 Miles Without a Bicycle

(Continued from page 13)

City when, in a race against time from Paterson, New Jersey, the Commander and party landed at the Pennsylvania station instead of the Grand Central to take a train—the last one by that route—that would carry him to Saint Albans, Vermont. A quick check of the train schedules disclosed that all was not lost—one could take a train to Boston, thence to Rutland, Vermont, and by means of a fast car the Saint Albans date could be kept. Department Commander Asa Bloomer had a car waiting at Rutland and by scorching the highway Commander Hayes was delivered in Saint Albans just twenty minutes later than the original schedule contemplated, but still in ample time for a radio broadcast and to review a parade.

The gaps were not so easily filled the second time. Then, both rail and plane failed and it was necessary to make a forced "march" of nearly four hundred miles at a dangerously rapid speed—long, hilly miles between Buffalo, New York, and Philadelphia. It was not only a race against time, but the driver had the additional handicap of racing against daylight saving time and heavy city traffic.

The Commander had a Sunday afternoon engagement at Chicago Heights, Illinois, and also a nation-wide broadcast scheduled from Philadelphia on Monday

afternoon at two o'clock. After the Chicago Heights meeting he was driven to Gary, Indiana, to take the last train by any route that could be used to get him to the Philadelphia engagement—arriving at the station just in time to see the train pull out. There was nothing to do but drive to the Chicago airport and take a plane to New York, then double back to Philadelphia by the same means. Seats in the late night plane were secured and at ten-thirty, as the plane took off, the Commander was comfortably stowed away in a berth. Clouds were lowering in the east and a storm brewing. Consequently the plane set itself down at Buffalo and at four-thirty in the morning the Commander was advised that it was grounded until weather conditions cleared up. Philadelphia was nearly four hundred miles away. There were no trains and the distance could not be flown.

Again there was a hurried survey of the situation. Harry Felton, who had driven the Commander on a tour through western New York during the winter, was appealed to. He responded, and at a few minutes past five in the morning the party rolled out of the airport, Philadelphia bound. No time was wasted, it was push and go every minute. The run was made in eight hours flat, pulling up at the old, historic Carpenter's

Hall six or eight minutes after the program had started, but still in time for the Commander to go on the air and make an address that attracted nation-wide attention.

The persons who listened to that stirring address, especially those of the radio audience, did not and could not know of the strenuous and nerve-wracking experience of travel. His tone was as measured and his voice as good as in any speech delivered during his entire career. The real low-down is that when he took his place on the platform he had not had time, since leaving his berth on the plane, to take food or even to wash his face and hands and comb his hair. Harry Felton made a piker out of Paul Revere on that memorable Constitution Day.

The forced run was comparable to that made from Scranton, Pennsylvania, to Harrisburg on a dark, stormy night in company with Otto Messner, Walter Kress and Ray Taylor. The Commander was filling an engagement in Scranton when news came that the Legion-sponsored legislation had been vetoed by the President; the House had voted to over-ride the veto and the question was to be considered by the Senate upon convening the next day. Train service to Washington from Scranton was too (Continued on page 42)



100,000 Miles Without a Bicycle

(Continued from page 41)

slow, the next best thing was to make the long drive to Harrisburg and take a train arriving in Washington early in the morning. History was made that night. The Commander was on the scene by sunrise, in spite of storm, snow and sleet, and successfully presented the case of the disabled veterans. The Senate vote was taken at about seven o'clock that evening and at eleven the Commander was on a train on his way to Mansfield, Ohio, to fill another speaking engagement. His presentation of the true facts—honestly and sincerely told—to the Congressional committees in his effort to have the Chicago mandate on rehabilitation enacted into law had flowered into the full fruit of success.

It is not to be inferred that Commander Hayes bore the entire burden of the case of the actually disabled in the last session of Congress. He would be the last man to make such a claim, in fact he would disclaim anything but the most minor part. That's Ed Hayes. But the truth is the whole of the campaign of education carried on centered around the Commander under the direction of such capable leaders as Ray Kelly, John Thomas Taylor, Watson Miller, Pat Cliff and dozens of others.

Another long and fast automobile ride of the year that stands out in bold relief was one made from Ogden, Utah, to Ely, Nevada, on a Sunday morning in February. Pete Nooregard had promised the Legionnaires in Ely that he would have the Commander in Ely by eleven-thirty Sunday morning to head the parade—or burn out the bearings in his brand-new car. And Pete kept his promise. The start was made from Ogden at seven-thirty. A light snow covered the ground. Pete bent over the wheel like Barney Oldfield at his best. The route led through Salt Lake City, over the Salt Lake Desert and out across the bad lands. Commander and Mrs. Hayes were delivered to the committee at the outskirts of Ely promptly at eleven fifteen. The parade had formed and Commander Hayes and "Mud" Thompson led it riding chariotwise on an old broken down cart drawn by two flop-eared burros. Pete's car stood up so well under the punishment that it was used the following day to carry the party across the entire State of Nevada to fill an engagement at Reno.

It is a toss up between Pittsburgh and the Department of Oklahoma for a record number of talks in one day—seven each. An experienced political campaigner probably could give cards and spades to this record, but it must be remembered political campaigns are carried on for only a short period while the Commander is in the field, speaking day after day, for a full year. Pittsburgh's seven speeches included three fifteen-minute radio broadcasts arranged by Clarence Crux, all extemporaneous efforts, and all the talks were made within the city, with a minimum of

moving about. Oklahoma, then, has the edge. Piloted by Bill Stigler and Milt Phillips, the Commander made six towns and delivered seven speeches in one day, to say nothing of the miles and miles of Oklahoma graveled roads traversed and two particularly exasperating blow-outs. The party left Oklahoma City early in the morning, had brief stops at Shawnee, Seminole, Wewoka, a luncheon meeting at McAlester, an inspection of the hospital at Muskogee and address in the theatre, a dinner and auditorium meeting at Tulsa. Both engagements were early in the Commander's year; later he came to a realization that even an iron man could not stand up under such a strain.

Commander Hayes is thoroughly air-minded and many of the longer trips were made by plane. Usually the regular transport lines were used, but in many instances special planes were chartered and the National Guard and Naval planes used at times. In fact, Commander Hayes made more consistent use of plane service than any other National Commander. He has enough hours of passenger flying to entitle him to a rating as an aerial observer. The mileage by air piled up during the year was almost enough to girdle the earth a couple of times. With all this travel the number of inconveniences or mishaps was remarkably few, and none of a serious nature. The greatest inconvenience was that when the plane grounded at Buffalo while en route to Philadelphia.

The only instance in which there was an element of danger was on a flight from Los Angeles to Prescott, Arizona, piloted by

Dan Emmett, Legionnaire flyer, in his own plane. The party took off at Los Angeles at three o'clock in the afternoon, forgetting that there was an hour change in clock time and an actual forty-minute change in sun time between Los Angeles and Prescott. Pilot Dan held a true course to Prescott but the mantle of darkness so shrouded the field that it would have been more than foolhardy to have attempted a landing. There was nothing to do but set out to find a lighted field. The party was composed of Commander and Mrs. Hayes, Jimmy Fisk, Department Adjutant of California, Dan Emmett, the pilot, and myself. After cruising about for a considerable time Dan spied a beacon signaling an emergency landing field which we later learned was at Ash Fork, Arizona. He lost no time getting there. The field was outlined with signal lights but had no flood light other than the sweeping rays of the beacon.

After circling the field once, Dan brought his ship around for a landing. His judgment was good. The plane hit the field with a little more speed than one would attempt under more favorable conditions, hit a swale and bounced up in the air again. But it came down in good order and without damage. All piled out, thankful enough to get our feet on the good, firm earth again. Jimmy Fisk thoughtfully raised his hat and said fervently, "Thank God for Hoover!" It was under that President the emergency fields were constructed.

Though the landing was made without injury to the passengers or damage to the plane a sensational story was sent out and published in the newspapers, east and west. However, Dan and Jimmy took off and flew back to Los Angeles in the same plane the next morning without making a single repair or adjustment. Refueling only was required. The fact was cited when, the next day, long distance calls and a flood of telegrams came. Though a little disturbing, the experience did not cause flying to be given up. The next night at ten o'clock Commander and Mrs. Hayes and I took a plane out of Tucson, Arizona, bound for El Paso, Texas.

Once we came near to stark tragedy. It was on the same swing-around-the-circle when, on February 23d, Commander and Mrs. Hayes and a party of Wyoming Legionnaires boarded a plane at Cheyenne to fly to Rock Springs. Weather conditions were bad, so very bad that the officials debated for a couple of hours whether to release the plane. At about the same hour the Commander's plane left Cheyenne a big transport plane left Salt Lake City headed toward the east, the two to meet at Rock Springs. The plane carrying the Commander's party won through and made a safe landing, though it was ordered to remain on the ground until the weather cleared. The plane from Salt Lake crashed, carrying to death passengers and pilots.



At Rock Springs the Commander was met by Leslie Miller, Legionnaire Governor of Wyoming, who had intended to fly from Salt Lake but had canceled his reservation and made the trip by train. The loss of the plane was announced while the Governor was speaking at the Rock Springs banquet meeting.

Of the flying memories of the year the recollection of one trip that will remain long was that from Rochester, Minnesota, to Washington, D. C., on August 8. The Rochester Post of the Legion had arranged a meeting of national importance honoring their two most distinguished and best known members—Drs. Will and Charley Mayo. The President of the United States had accepted an invitation to be present and speak at the meeting. A citation of distinguished service awarded by the National Executive Committee of The American Legion was to be presented. William T. McCoy Post had prepared a large bronze plaque for presentation. The ceremonies were scheduled to be held at eleven o'clock in the morning and Commander Hayes was expected to be there to speak for the national organization of the Legion. He had also definitely agreed to be in Washington the same night to address the District of Columbia Department Convention. How to do it. The case was laid before Gregory Gentling, chairman of the Rochester Legion committee. He said it could be done; the Commander must fill both engagements.

Chairman Gentling made his plans. It had been assumed that he would secure a light, speedy ship. At the conclusion of the ceremonies the Commander hurried to the Rochester airport and found a passenger transport plane of a new type, an eleven-passenger Vultee, piloted by Earl Ward, awaiting him. It was then twenty minutes past one o'clock and Washington 950 miles away. It looked impossible to make the speed in such a large, though graceful, plane. The unexpected was achieved. The trip was made in four hours and fourteen minutes, an average speed of 224 miles an hour, and in perfect comfort. While en route the Commander signed a number of letters and worked out correspondence and other details of the paper work that is constantly present. Incidentally he reached Washington in time to review the parade and to take his place on the platform when the convention assembled.

Ed Hayes's year as National Commander has passed all too quickly. The Legion and the people of the United States have been enriched and have benefited by his leadership and his self-sacrificing service. He returned to private life, to take up the broken threads of his personal affairs, with the knowledge that he had given his conscientious best to his country and to an organization which, next to his church, he holds dearest to his heart. His record is written. He has been weighed in the balance and tested through trial by fire. By the Legion he is acclaimed pure gold.



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PORTABLE TYPEWRITERS

To Hide and To Hold

(Continued from page 3)

traditional resorts of the family home of the recent past—the old teapot on the top pantry shelf, the wall clock with recess below its swinging pendulum, the space behind the framed picture, the Bible, the bureau drawer, the mattress, the crypt under the loose board and the tin box or glass fruit-jar in the granary wheat.

In very early days when man was constantly on the move, a fisher and hunter, with no fixed abode and little if any clothing, he kept always in or close to his hand a rock, a club or a wooden lance, tapered or flint-pointed. If he forgot or mislaid that important aid to attack or defense, whether against man or beast, he was simply out of luck. When he invented the sling, a piece of pelt was found useful for carrying pebbles and that in time took the form of a bag or pouch, hung from waist or neck. After the bow replaced the sling, some one in the course of hundreds of years devised a quiver of skin or sinew-bound bark to hold arrows. But, being a rover, man amassed no possessions and had no need of a place of fixed storage.

TRACES of those primitive habits persist even in our day. An uncle of mine used to tell this story:

"When I was a boy we lived on a farm. One Saturday evening my mother, giving me a dime with a caution not to lose it, told me to go to town and buy a couple of bars of soap against the Monday's wash. When I got to town, about a mile walk, I found there was a patent-medicine show on. At once I joined the crowd making for the tent. I was only nine or ten and had never seen a show. I stayed so long that the store was closed when I got out, and I went home without the soap. Nothing was said to me that night or the next day, but on Monday morning my mother asked for the soap. I told her what had happened. 'But,' she said, 'where is the dime?' I held out my closed hand, opened it—and there was the dime!"

When, with the years, man tamed the horse, the ox and the sheep, he turned to pastoral life and then to agricultural. This permitted him to stay longer in one cave or one hut. He began to feel the need, saw the possibility, of saving for future use. Food had to be put by at one time of year to supply his family and his cattle in another. If skins or salt or shells happened to be the money of the moment, the foresighted and frugal strove to accumulate skins or salt or shells. Where to store things became a live concern.

As time went on, there came a practice of wearing more clothing, or some clothing—not so much for protection perhaps as for adornment—and what wonder if the man of the family, when abroad, found it convenient to cache in a fold of his garment a gleaming agate for the wife at home or a

handful of choice dates for the children, or mayhap to tuck into his loin cloth a specially good flint to be worked over inside in bad weather? Still it was doubtless thousands of years before arose the astounding genius, mighty benefactor of his kind—unknown and, I suspect, hitherto unsung—who invented the pocket.

Other men in the eras before him had observed kangaroo and sea-horse, opossum and pouched rat, pelican and adjutant-bird, or their forerunners, but without getting from them any hint of the big idea that was to conduce so greatly to the convenience of modern man and be the joy and boast of all boys. They had missed that hint even though they had often made the fold in the garment more secure by use of a thorn or a sliver of bone, just as in these days mother often fastens with a safety-pin the opening of Johnny's pocket when she sends him to the grocery and tailors equip with hole and button the left hip pocket of masculine trousers.

Invention of the pocket marked an epoch in the slow advance that led to the safe-deposit box and the safety-deposit vault. Man first kept his most coveted valuables on his person. He switched only as he became assured of greater security elsewhere.

Just as thorn, bone sliver and button expressed the need of security for pockets, so devices were conceived for fastening vertical doors and horizontal hinged covers or lids. In these devices the main factor was usually a sliding bolt shot by a removable key. Their highest development is seen in the safety-deposit vault, of massive, many-tonned door, often circular, with combination and time locks; of iron bars; of walls, roof and floor lined with steel and flame-resisting alloy, the whole enclosed in reinforced concrete and protected by electric signal equipment.

SERVICE of the safety-deposit vault is extended not only to renters of safe-deposit boxes therein but to persons with valuables too bulky to be stored in such boxes. These may be contained in trunks, chests, boxes, sacks, suit-cases, metal coffers and wrapped parcels, which are placed on the vault floor or on shelves. The contents, which must be declared in a general way, may be books, clothing, pictures, plate, jewelry, models, what-not.

Customers with bulk valuables merely turn over their goods, take a receipt and pay a rental. They get no key but may have access to the deposits or take them away upon presenting the receipt. The vault company has complete control over the goods and agrees to deliver on demand the article or parcel deposited.

Unlike in such custody of bulk deposits, the vault company controls only the access to a safe-deposit box and

has no control over or knowledge of the contents of the box. While it holds a guard, or "preparatory," key to the box, the renter's key is necessary as well to open it. The usual range of contents of an individual safe-deposit box, however, readily suggests itself: Insurance policies of various kinds—life, fire, windstorm, health, accident, automobile, public liability; an abstract of title for and a deed to the homestead; certificates of oil and metal stocks, often connotative of a trusting and adventurous spirit; bonds, sometimes Liberties and sometimes not so good; tax receipts, perhaps for many years; jewelry, as a ring, watch, brooch or necklace; some currency, as a \$50 bill set aside for a rainy day.

In addition, there are often found in the box the renter's last will and testament, a photograph or two, old letters, an army discharge paper together with other reminders of war service, as a good-conduct card or a military medal, and newspaper clippings in which the renter is creditably mentioned.

There is reason to believe that much valueless material, dead timber, has cluttered up many a safe-deposit box. This may include expired fire and tornado policies, old tax receipts, worthless stock certificates, canceled notes, and the like. They suggest that human reluctance to let go of things which is indicated by overflowing closets and attics in homes and crammed desk drawers in offices.

IN NORMAL times, the box renter may think nothing of paying for the use of a larger box than his needs call for, but in the last several years it has not been so. Vault managers say that general economic conditions have caused box renters to be more prudent. In a vault having a range of five or six sizes of box, with proportionate rentals, customers in large numbers have exchanged one size for a size smaller, culling out their dud contents. Some have closed out their boxes and gone back to the bureau drawer or doubled up with some relative or friend in the use of his box.

While it is seemingly a fairly general practice to keep a will in a safe-deposit box, there are sound reasons against doing so. A vault manager points out to me that when a man dies leaving a will it should be immediately accessible. Suppose it contains directions about the burial, as for cremation of the body, expenditures to be incurred, and so on. When a box renter dies, the right of access to the box passes to his legal representatives; any power of attorney granted by him permitting a deputy to enter the box is automatically ended. It may take some time before the judge of probate in the decedent's county names an administrator or an executor, and entrance to the box may be held up meanwhile.

If the testator, the maker of the will, is connected with a corporation or a partnership, the will may be stored in the firm's safe-deposit box. Immediate access could then be had in case of his death. When a trust company is named in the will as executor or trustee, the document may be left in the company's care. Perhaps one of the best resorts is to file the will, under seal, in the office of the judge of probate in the maker's county. Provision for accepting such filings is made in the laws of a number of States.

In these days of typewriters and carbon paper, a copy of the will may wisely be placed in the testator's safe-deposit box and on it a notation as to where the original document may be found.

A fire-insurance man makes this thoughtful suggestion, though it may militate against the interests of his company:

"Every person having fire insurance on household goods would do well to make out an inventory of those goods, put it away in his safe-deposit box under date and then revise it every year or oftener. It should be as complete as possible, with memos as to age and condition of each kind of goods.

"Such a list would be of real value to him in case of a fire with subsequent claim for recovery of damage. He would have something definite to produce instead of having to rely on memory only."

County treasurers in many States get a good line on the run of the contents of safe-deposit boxes in performing their duties under inheritance-tax laws. The statutes usually require that, on the death of a person holding such a box, a representative of the State make an inventory of its contents before access shall be given to kin or other person. Such representative is usually the treasurer of the county in which the box is held. Thus those officials become particularly well-informed as to what people put into safe boxes.

"Singular things are sometimes found in the boxes," a county treasurer tells me. "Jewelry, of course, is often found, with gems of outmoded cutting and setting, held as keepsakes presumably, perhaps as tokens of old affections.

"One time in inventorying a box, in the presence of the near kin of the decedent, a woman, I came across a long, heavy gold chain, necklace type, many years out of date. My duty is to list merely; I have no control over disposition. Ordinarily, anything of value must be held for action by the probate court. But it seems the woman had wished to be buried with the chain on. The total value of the box contents was less than the minimum for inheritance tax. As I recall the incident, the vault custodian, by enacting signed releases of liability, permitted the relatives to take the chain away.

"Then there are the sealed envelopes marked 'Not to be opened until after my death,' or 'To be burned unopened upon my death.'"

Life is, in the vernacular of Mr. Alfred Jingle, a rum go.

DECEMBER, 1934

The genuine bears this seal



It Swept America *in one short year*



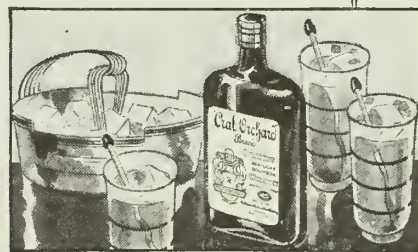
Better get in some more Crab Orchard. More people are calling for it than any other straight bourbon.



Double my standing order on Crab Orchard. Its high quality and low price is making it sell like hot cakes.



Have the liquor store send up a case of Crab Orchard for the holidays—it's the one whiskey all our friends like.



A year ago Crab Orchard was one of hundreds of new brands—today it is America's largest-selling straight whiskey. *Quality tells!* Naturally aged and bottled from the barrel—not artificially treated—it is a genuine straight Kentucky whiskey. Enormous popularity makes its low price possible. **ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES.**

**A PRODUCT OF
NATIONAL DISTILLERS**

Crab Orchard STRAIGHT KENTUCKY WHISKEY

*Produced by the same
distillers:*

OLD GRAND DAD
OLD TAYLOR
OLD McBRAYER
OLD CROW
SUNNY BROOK

OLD HERMITAGE
MOUNT VERNON RYE
REWCO RYE
OLD OVERHOLT RYE
OLD FARM RYE



Straight as a string

While the World Listens

(Continued from page 15)

remember an incident in the famous Challenge Round of 1932 in Paris. That year I was placed beside a dozen other broadcasters, French, English, German, Italian and Belgian on a tenuous wooden platform swaying in the breeze a hundred and twenty feet in mid-air. It was one of the most exciting sporting events I ever attended because the French take their sports pretty hard. Above us was the blue sky of France contrasting with the green of the century-old chestnut trees encircling the Stade Roland Garros, all four sides of which were jammed with palpitant thousands, tier upon tier, row after row of eager, straining faces, while below on the red court were the two contestants, Jean Borotra, the veteran Frenchman, and Allison, the star of the American team.

ON THIS narrow, swaying platform in the open air I was to broadcast a dispassionate account of that feverish match. Twelve thousand persons were packed in the stands, and by turning round before the mike I could see twice that number on the avenues surrounding the structure, a black mob of excited fans who blocked the streets so that no one could move an inch. These fans could see nothing, could only re-echo the cheers from within. First there was a rally on the court, then applause from those in the stands below me, then a second afterward a thundering cheer from outside as the point was flashed onto the big electric scoreboard and seen by the mob in the streets. The match continued under these conditions, until at last Borotra, stabbing home a deep backhand shot, charged the net. Allison coolly hit the ball down the line, while the Basque watched it fall inside. It was match point!

Back went the Frenchman to serve. His shirt was clinging to his wet body, his forehead was running water under his beret, his face was drawn and exhausted. A silence cut into the stadium and into the noisy mob. Match point! He served and it was a fault. Then he served again. The ball was out, plainly out, but the linesman said nothing. Allison let the ball pass thinking it out, but still the man on the line was silent and the ball was counted good. Borotra shook his head but the decision stood, and finally he won the match to save the day for France.

Immediately it was over I realized I should have stressed that point, that it was a crucial point. Yet I had failed to notice it. When I got home, however, a friend of mine who heard the broadcast from a small portable set on a beach off the Jersey coast, told me I had commented at length on the decision and described it fully over the air. At the time I was so intent on what was happening I couldn't remember anything ten minutes after the match had finished.

Being a broadcaster in a sort of semi-pro way, my experience is naturally somewhat limited, but in the times I have been on the air in this country and abroad during the past five years, two things have impressed me. The first is this. In broadcasting you must be ready for anything. It's always the unexpected that's happening and if you are not continually on your toes, heaven help you.

Once or twice I've found this out to my sorrow. When you pan some announcer for a bonehead play, remember he is working under great pressure. Last summer at Wimbledon I had a period on a Monday at the end of the second day of the United States vs. Australia match. The following afternoon I was to go on again at three forty-five, to describe the Crawford-Wood contest, the deciding match of the series. On reaching Wimbledon at two thirty, however, we were greeted by a deluge and the men never took the court until an hour later.

This was a bad break. The end of a match is always more exciting than the start of it. At least I'd have something to describe. To my dismay, after three games, the rain came down again and the men left the court. What was I to do? I'd said everything there was to say the previous afternoon, yet in a couple of minutes a broadcast costing several thousands was scheduled.

As the men came off the court I looked hastily over the stands around me and by luck caught sight of the gaunt features of old Bill Tilden who had landed in London only two days before. I called to him and he saw me. "Come down here." He came down slowly, pausing to talk to friends in the stands on the way. When he was near I quickly explained the situation. Would he help out? Of course. He leaped over the front row and came into the booth beside me just as the light flashed and New York was listening. Without rehearsal or arrangement we went into a dialogue on the game, the American team, and their chances for the Challenge Round the following week, at which needless to say he was the star performer. I don't think I'll ever forget those few awful seconds before I saw him, nor the feeling of gratitude toward him for saving my life.

JUST a week later I missed a chance to pull a fast one. We came on to the Perry-Shields match, the deciding contest of the Challenge Round, with the opening game of the fourth set. That set was a hummer, games went one all, two all, three all and four all. So brilliant was the tennis and so vivid and exciting the play that in New York the broadcasting companies by hasty telephone messages among themselves, agreed when my time was up to leave the wires open for another half hour.

Unfortunately our regular booth was occupied, and we were placed in one atop the stadium, with no telephone connection to the Control Room of the B. B. C., so that there was no way I could be told to continue. I never realized the wire was still open, and so quit promptly at the exact second I was supposed to stop.

The second thing that has impressed me about broadcasting is the extreme kindness of the big shots of the broadcasting world to newcomers like myself who horn in for a few days each year. Ted Husing of C. B. S., Graham McNamee and Don Wilson of N. B. C. and other sports announcers who have big reputations, big salaries and important jobs, are never too busy or too pressed for time to help a stranger over the tough places in broadcasting. The newspaper game is supposed to be a profession in which men assist each other; this more recent form of news gathering has I think more right to praise on that account.

BROADCASTING from abroad has its drawbacks. The announcer over there is not taken care of as he is in this country, he is left to shift for himself, to thundering well take what he gets and be thankful for it. On the Continent the difference in language is not a help; even in England this little difference is felt. All the staff of the B. B. C. are either Oxford or Cambridge men, and I remember having one such specimen next to me the time I did my first transatlantic broadcast. Afterward I asked him how it went.

"Oh . . . errh . . . quite well, I think. Yes, very good indeed," he said, in his English way. "That is, what I could understand. You see . . . I don't speak American very well." That was that. Or not quite that. On returning to my hotel two hours later there were three wires from friends at home kidding me about my English accent. I took the kidding without blenching. You haven't an English accent unless you can pronounce correctly the name "Major the Honorable I. M. Twistleton-Wykeham-Fiennes" over the air without previous notice.

Having heard considerable sports broadcasting abroad, it seems to me the difference between England's and ours is the difference between the sense of humor of the two nations. In fact it's the difference really between the two nations. They habitually understate; we always overstate. "Gosh," says the American announcer, "this is the greatest crashing, smashing game of football I ever saw," and he goes off into emotional spasms as the Slippery Rock halfback makes a dashing run of two yards against Hillsdale Teachers College. He can get steamed up over the dullest and most inconsequential of games. What is more important, he can communicate these thrills to his listeners.

On the other hand the English announcer invariably understates. Once I heard a Britisher describing the Derby who actually said, "Now they're going great guns!" This to an Englishman is the utmost in overstatement. Moreover, another difference—our announcers use slang, theirs never do; being university men they speak with the accent, background and point of view of their class. The British Broadcasting Company was a monopoly, and starting in the field they could take the pick of the country, so they turned to Oxford and Cambridge and men who had had experience in sports to do their announcing.

Invariably the English announcers are specialists in their field, men who have played games and have the feel of sport in their blood. Captain T. H. B. (Tommy) Wakelam who broadcasts rugby is an old rugger internationalist. Harold Abrahams when at Cambridge was the greatest sprinter England ever produced; he now broadcasts track events. If there is one sports writer in England—and elsewhere—who stands out above the field, it is Bernard Darwin, a golfing crack who describes the tournaments at St. Andrews, Hoylake and Sandwich each year for this country. John Snagge is also heard here in the spring picturing the Oxford-Cambridge boat race, and a fine job he does, although he doesn't enjoy himself much. You see John rowed on the Oxford crew, and for the last ten years a Cambridge shell has showed the way across the line.

One exception to this rule is the genial Colonel Brand, the tennis commentator for the B. B. C. Colonel Brand is also one of its oldest officials, having been connected with them since the beginning. He lived through the General Strike back in 1926 when he spent five days and nights without sleep, (and what is worse for an Englishman, without a shave), while the staff were practically besieged in their former headquarters at Savoy Hill. The Colonel is an old hand at broadcasting; here is what he has to say about the technique of describing sports over the air.

"I try to bring the listener into the scene as much as possible; not only by actual description of the match, but also by what goes on around the court, the little human incidents that light up the picture and make it alive. For instance, I'll say that the men in the crowd packed around me are taking off their coats. This conveys the impression of the heat better than if I say it's hot. Or I'll say Perry is sitting on his upturned bat waiting for Wood to wipe his face, or that both men are sitting together on the refrigerator beside the court. Then often for several points I neglect to give the score; this forces the listener to pay attention more closely—it wakes him up."

Colonel Brand is a marvelous broadcaster, puts a great deal of color into his story, and follows the ball faster than any sports announcer I've ever heard except M. Georges Peeters, of the Eiffel Tower—the big French (Continued on page 48)

DECEMBER, 1934

**HERE YOU ARE, MEN—
THE NEW GIANT SIZE TUBE
OF COLGATE'S RAPID-SHAVE
CREAM! IT HOLDS MORE
THAN TWICE AS MUCH AS THE
25¢ TUBE AND COSTS ONLY 40¢!**

**GIANT SIZE
NOW ONLY
40¢
FOR 200
SHAVES**

COLGATE'S DE-WATERPROOFS WHISKERS MAKES SHAVING EASIER—QUICKER!

THERE'S a tough waterproof jacket of oil around every whisker in your face. And that waterproof jacket is what makes whiskers hard to cut.

Remove that waterproofing and you'll get a shave as smooth as a husband's alibi.

But—most shaving creams *don't* remove all of it. They froth up into *big-bubble* lather—and you can't get a lot of big bubbles close around every whisker.

Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream makes *small-bubble* lather—whips up into millions of fine bubbles. They crowd *close* to each and every whisker. They strip away that waterproof coating, *emulsify* it, float it away.

Then—whole armies of tiny bubbles seep right into each whisker, *wilt* it, soak it *soft*—and make it a cinch for your razor. Try Colgate's! Get the new, enlarged GIANT tube—twice as much as the 25c size, for only 40c!

While the World Listens

(Continued from page 47)

station—who is certainly the speed merchant of the air. But the Britisher is a great favorite not only in the British Isles, but all over the Empire, for on important afternoons his account of the matches between Perry and Jack Crawford, the Australian, are flung across the world.

I have never seen the Colonel flurried or upset but once. That was years ago at a critical point in fifth set of a great match between Tilden and Cochet with the score four-all and the issue in doubt. Without warning an announcer with a honeyed accent interrupted suddenly:

"We will now take you to the weekly Evensong Service at Westminster Abbey." It appears that the B. B. C. as a government agency has to broadcast this service at five o'clock every Thursday, no matter what happens. The Colonel and thousands of his listeners went up in the air that afternoon.

This sort of thing couldn't happen in the United States where the broadcasting concerns make every effort to finish a foot-

ball or baseball game once it has started. Here we have still another problem to meet.

You doubtless imagine that the World Series, the big football games or the championship golf and tennis matches belong to the American people. They don't. They belong to Judge Landis, and to the Golf and Tennis Associations who run the tournaments.

TO DATE there has been no clear instance of actual censorship of sports broadcasting, but there have certainly been several border-line cases. The issue is likely, I believe, to be forced into the open very soon. Some years ago Ted Husing was barred from the Stadium at Cambridge by the Harvard authorities for calling the play of a Crimson player 'putrid.' This ban was later rescinded. Today, however, neither Ted Husing nor Graham McNamee is permitted to give play-by-play descriptions of the World Series. Why? The Judge doesn't like their style. Last sum-

mer Ellsworth Vines, former champion who turned professional, wrote a magazine article which offended the officials of the U. S. Tennis Association. Vines was under contract with a broadcasting company to describe the championships at Forest Hills, and the officials appealed to the company to remove Vines from the booth. This request was acceded to.

It is true that none of these cases were out and out instances of censorship. But they are on the edge. Isn't it a strange thing that no sports writer has ever yet been refused admittance to a sporting event, but that a broadcaster, who is acting as a reporter at the same time, has been kept out.

I cannot imagine Judge Landis refusing Grantland Rice permission to enter the press box in the World Series. But he might be barred by the Judge from talking over the air. It's a pretty issue and some day it will arise, this question of the freedom of the broadcaster, in acute form. May I be there to see.

Out of the Desert—An Empire

(Continued from page 21)

day off, and the average is about 27 days of work a month. It's hard work, but the climate and environment make for quick recovery from fatigue. The free and easy life of Las Vegas with its gambling halls and saloons beckons from afar, but it takes time—and money—to get in there and get back. The recreation hall at Boulder City supplies needed diversions, though there is a strict rule against gambling.

One of the most active groups in the little community is Boulder City Post of the Legion, which in this year leads the way to the rest of Nevada in membership with a total of more than 650, with Reno and Las Vegas in second and third places respectively. When I was there Frank Zeller, paymaster of the Six Companies, had just been elected Commander and was looking forward to a successful year. Whoever succeeds him will have difficulty in keeping the first-place honor, because by next September the larger part of the force at the dam will be about ready to call it a job and move on.

COME with me down to the bed of the river and look north toward the dam, now going up at the rate of a foot a day. We have had the straight-down view of these operations from a canyon ledge 600 feet above, called Lookout Point, where 350,000 people have watched the work. Down here we are in the midst of the activity that seemed so far away as we looked down on it. Yet the first thing that

hits our eyes is a small rag fluttering down from a catwalk running from one brown canyon wall to the other. That rag marks the boundary line between Nevada and Arizona.

We have come down from the heights by a series of hairpin turns, most of the time with the car in second. That's the way we'll go back up, too, picking our opportunity to dash ahead of the double-deck trucks, each of them carrying 150 men who have just knocked off work until tomorrow. The trucks can hit forty miles on the highway out of Boulder City, but they stay in first for the long, twisting climb up from the river bed.

Here is your dam, the downstream face sloping away from the base to the north and the source of the water it will impound, like a great giant who has turned his back on his enemies, sunk his heels into the ground and refuses to budge, no matter what betide. This giant, trapping nature in her excesses, turning the fury of a Johnstown flood into useful energy, storing life-giving water in the weeks of plenty for the months of dearth, making the desert to bloom like the rose, is to be the highest dam in the world. It will develop four times as much horse power as the American falls at Niagara, and more than twice as much as the great Dniepostroy development in Soviet Russia.

We don't see any water as we stand here. But a thousand feet downstream from us the water comes pouring into the canyon through two tunnels in each wall. The

tunnels, each fifty feet in diameter, are cut through the living rock around the dam site. They had to be constructed first off and the stream diverted into them. Then huge coffer dams above and below the dam site isolated it as a dentist by the use of wadding temporarily isolates a tooth he is filling.

Figures could be quoted almost endlessly to show how gigantic is everything connected with this work—the amount of earth excavated, the size of this and that. Here are just a few: The dam, of the concrete arch-gravity type, will be 730 feet high measured from the foundation rock to the parapets on the crest, and will raise the water surface of the river 584 feet. It will be 660 feet thick at the base, up and down stream, and at the top 45 feet. At its top it will stretch 1180 feet across the canyon.

More concrete is being used in building the dam than the Bureau of Reclamation had used in its 27 years of construction activities up to 1932, and so magnificent is the scope of the work that among the hundreds of thousands who have visited the site are any number of foreign engineers who like the wise men have heard of a great happening and have come to see.

There is little noise here except at quitting time when the men come walking and running up from beneath to the place where the huge buses await them. They make the air resound with their cries at that time, all right. The directions for the

operation of the huge cableway that carries the tremendous pipes and other material from the Nevada side and down into place are conveyed by telephone, and there is nothing of the traditional clangor and huffing and puffing of a big construction job. Right now there is almost no drilling going on. Later the coffer dams will come out and the river bed below the dam will be lowered.

Comparatively few of the thousand men on this shift are visible, but those we see wear trench helmets, for loose rock is an ever present menace, and the wartime type of head covering has saved any number of lives here.

On either side of us this elaborate staging that stretches from the dam more than 600 feet down stream, hugging the canyon walls and projecting out into the river, screens the forms of the two powerhouse wings where electricity will be generated. Here indeed is both heart and brain of the whole series of projects, the without-which-not, their be-all and end-all. Here the snows of Wyoming and Colorado will have their translation into the energy that will turn the wheels of industry in a thousand square miles of territory and furnish to households a cheap supply of electricity, come coal famine soon or late.

It is this power, four billion, three hundred and thirty million kilowatt hours a year, that will pay for all the costs of construction of the dam and its related enterprises. In addition, the United States, Arizona and New Mexico expect to split a melon of \$166,500,000 in the course of the fifty-year period, the Government getting 62½ percent and the rest being divided equally by the two States. When the first units go into operation in September of next year the power plant will probably be operated and maintained by the City of Los Angeles under the supervision of a government director. The city is to generate power for the States, municipalities and the Metropolitan Water District.

Arrangements for the sale of power to industry generally will be calculated before the turbines start operating. The allocation of firm power has been worked out to a nicety, the Government will own the power plant machinery, and the power contractors will pay the cost of the transmission lines to California.

So much concrete has been poured into the dam that under methods usually in vogue the mass would not cool in a hundred years. Naturally the contractors couldn't wait that long, and even if they could it would mean that they and their successors would be forever patching up cracks in the surface. So they put in a one-inch tubing of steel at intervals of approximately five feet in the concrete and forced icy water through it. The cooling time was thus cut down to four months for each unit. Then a mixture of cement and water was forced into the piping, to harden and become a part of the virtually indestructible mass.

Two of the (Continued on page 50)



What is John Jameson made of ?



It is made of barley malt, unmalted barley, wheat, oats—and absolutely nothing else whatever except water and time. It is distilled by the pot still method. This is the traditional one and, we think, the best. It happens to be the most expensive—to us, not to you. It is distilled perfectly, since we have had 150 years of experience.



Then it is aged 7 years in the wood before bottling. Don't you agree that such sound methods should produce a great whiskey? Let a bottle of John Jameson prove to you that they *have!* But be sure you get the *right* Jameson—JOHN Jameson.

JOHN JAMESON *Pure Old Pot Still* IRISH WHISKEY

JOHN JAMESON & SON LTD. BOW STREET. DISTILLERY, DUBLIN, IRELAND

Established A.D. 1780

BY APPOINTMENT TO
HIS MAJESTY THE KING



IMPORTED AND GUARANTEED BY W. A. TAYLOR & CO. N.Y.

Out of the Desert—An Empire

(Continued from page 49)

biggest concrete mixing plants in the world, a fabrication plant for the welding of pipes so large they couldn't be shipped on a freight car, a cableway across the canyon that can lift as much as 200 tons—these are just a few of the things that would impress the man from Mars.

Some hundred and fifty miles below Boulder Dam on the Colorado and seventeen miles above Parker, Arizona, a dam 320 feet in height is being constructed to divert water into the aqueduct which will serve Los Angeles and a number of other California cities and counties with water for domestic purposes. The water carried over desert and through mountains will be pumped upward a total of more than 1600 feet in its journey of 240 miles to the Cajalco reservoir in Riverside County, California. It is to provide this water that the Metropolitan Water District has bonded itself to the extent of 220 millions of dollars. This is not properly speaking a part of the Boulder Dam project, but

without Boulder Dam it would not be in the making.

Another hundred and sixty miles down the river, at a point just above Yuma, Arizona, work has just begun on the All-American Canal, which will run 75 miles west into California, and irrigate a million acres of land in the Imperial and Coachella Valleys. Work on the first unit, about fifteen miles in length, was started in August of this year. At present the Imperial Valley gets the irrigation it must have, by means of a canal which runs for forty-five miles in Mexican territory before turning north and crossing the border. By treaty with Mexico that country is entitled to fifty percent of the flow of water, and in seasons of drought there is not enough water for the agricultural districts this side of the border. Last summer Imperial Valley farmers were so hard put to it for drinking water that they were tapping their none too well filled irrigation ditches.

The new canal will surely solve this problem, for it will insure to the American agriculturists an ample supply of water for all purposes. The city of San Diego will get a million gallons of water daily for its domestic supply from this canal. Its cost, \$38,500,000, is included in the Boulder Dam project total of \$165,000,000.

South of Boulder Dam all public lands which may possibly be irrigated once these great projects are completed, have been withdrawn from entry. When, sometime after 1938, the lands are opened to settlement, preference right of entry will be given to ex-service men—for a period of three months. Some of this land will doubtless be in all three lower-basin States, Nevada, Arizona and California. So it will probably come to pass that as ex-service men have had a compelling part in the Boulder Dam project, so many of their comrades will find for themselves a chance at financial independence on land that these various operations have made possible.

Home Groan

(Continued from page 11)

pocket of those overalls. You've got \$4,500 in this stock—maybe more."

The Wildcat's smile faded to a blank expression. His brain skidded for a moment. After his jaw quit gyrating, "Yass suh, Cap'n!" he agreed heartily. Then, "Cap'n suh, could you an' de rest of dese bank folks rig up dis financial business so dat me an' Demmy could git mebbe five dollars cash for dat stock today?"

"You can get a lot more than that," the bank man predicted. "If you want us to handle this matter we'll be glad to sell your stock and take care of your money for you. If there is no hitch in the deal you ought to have four thousand dollars to your credit before the bank closes this afternoon."

"Four—thousand—dollars!" The Wildcat's eyes rolled east and west, hit the floor, bounced to the ceiling, and rested finally on the dilapidated Old Paymaster stock certificates. "Hot dam, Demmy! You hear whut de cap'n say!" To the bank man, "Yass suh, dat's just whut us craves. Four thousand dollars!"

The banker nodded. "Get back here before three o'clock. I'll have everything arranged for you by that time."

THE Dixie Chicken Palace opened with a bang on Lincoln's Birthday. It opened under the nominal management of the Wildcat and Demmy, assisted by seven dark-skinned members of the Southern Revelers Jazz Band, one chef, and six waiters.

On St. Valentine's Day the mailman seemed to be short on valentines but long

on business communications. "Dem kitchen utensils, dat furniture in de dinin' room, de throne for de band, de dishes, dat gas range an' a thousand dollars down payment on dis place comes to a little more dan seven thousand dollars," Demmy announced after half an hour's bookkeeping. "Wilecat, right dis minnit you is three thousand dollars in de red to say nuthin' of wages an' grocery bills."

The Wildcat grunted. "Where does you git dat 'you' stuff? You means us is in de red dat fur. Us is partners, ain't we, accordin' to de 'greedment?"

"I ain't complainin'," Demmy returned. "Business is bound to git better."

"Sho is. Lissen to dat cash register bell. Mighty pleasant music ringin' out of dat machine."

"You owes de man three hundred dollars for dat cash register. I forgot dat."

"Nemmine, Demmy, all us needs is customers whut craves chicken an' ham an' beer an' dancin' to jazz music. De whole human race craves dem things. Us kain't lose."

The end of the first month found the gross receipts of the Dixie Chicken Palace running neck and neck with the current bills. In March business dropped off due largely to an alcoholic holiday staged by the chef wherein he ran wild in the main dining room in the midst of a hundred guests. March came in like a lamb and went out on crutches. In April the general public seemed to have lost its appetite for chicken and ham and southern cooking right before a flight of bill collectors

swarmed down on the Wildcat and his partner.

"Gittin' so dat four out of five folks whut comes into dis place craves money," the Wildcat complained. "Like as not de fifth man sits down an' orders hisself a measly little old sandwich in de middle of de day an' never comes back in de nighttime. Lawdy, outside of a graveyard, I never see a place so solitary at night."

"Dem lunch places up de road is gittin' a big play. All de college boys from de University rushes by us like de smallpox had broke out."

"Dat's becuz all dem places got big 'lectric signs. Dog-gone it, I wisht us let dat 'lectric man put dat big sign up when he offered to."

"Take a mighty lot of fried chicken to pay de bill on a 'lectric sign. Naw suh, Wildcat, whut us needs is somebody whut kin cook. Dem Chinees boys in de kitchen sutlinly taste a mighty lot different from de cookin' whut old Shiloh put out. Mighty bad for us dat he had to run wild in de crucial minnit. Mebbe next week you better git up to Sam Francisco an' round up some Dixie boy whut kin cook."

"How you gwine to git rid of dem Chinees boys?" the Wildcat protested. "Us owes 'em dog-gone near seven hundred dollars wages right dis minnit."

Demmy sighed from the depths of his troubled soul. "I got to git me some sleep else I goes crazy," he complained. "How come us git in dis trouble in de fust place is mo' dan I kin see."

"Sho is," the Wildcat agreed. "Dere us

wuz wid four thousand dollars, sittin' noble, safe in de bosom of Lady Luck an' now look at us! Never had to worry about nuthin' in dem days 'ceptin' where de next meal wuz comin' from. Now any time us craves a meal dey's a thousand meals downstairs waitin' to be cooked up, an' pussonally I kain't eat. Ain't got no more use for ham an' yams an' chicken dan fish has feet. Go 'long an' git yo'self some sleep, Demmy. My brain is so bumbled Ise gwine to turn on de radio an' listen to some good crime story where somebody else is got all de trouble. Git to sleep an' mebbe when you wakes up de sun will be shinin' once more. Sho is a mighty gloomy night."

Demmy's sleep was interrupted an hour after he had laid his weary body down to rest. He batted his eyes and blinked himself awake to realize that the Wildcat was shaking his shoulder. "Whut's de matter?" he mumbled on the edge of dreamland. "Whut's de matter, Wilecat—de kitchen on fire again?"

"Boy, dey ain't no place on fire! Roust out of dat bad dream an' lissen to me. I got de best news in de world! Lissen to me, boy."

"Ise listenin'," Demmy yawned. "Go ahead. Whut's de good news?"

"De good news is a solid gold message from Uncle Sam! De Guv'ment gwine to save us! Boy, I turned on dat radio lookin' for somebody else's troubles an' whut you spose I found?"

"I don't know any good news on de radio," Demmy grumbled. "Whut is it you found?"

"Dey wuz a Guv'ment man bearin' de glad tidings of great joy to one an' all whut is festooned wid grief like us," the Wildcat announced. "Put dis down on a piece of paper. 'De Home Groaners Loan Combination is givin' money to everybody whut needs it dat owes a mortgage on his house.' Boy, dat's us! Put dat down befo' de good news crowds it out of my mind."

"Home Owners Groan Combination. I remembers dat easy enough. Go ahead wid whut you tryin' to say."

"Ise tryin' to tell you dat de Guv'ment man said anybody whut needs fourteen thousand dollars, all he got to do is to go to de local office of dis Loan Groaners Combination an' git de money."

Demmy scratched his head. "Sounds like dey ought to be a ketch in it some place, but de more I thinks of dat proposition de more it sounds just like everything else de Guv'ment is promised to do."

"Dey gwine to git a chance to keep de promise right now. Come eight o'clock tomorrow mornin' when de good Lawd begins countin' de sinners Ise gwine to be standin' in dat Loan Owners place ready to talk to de Guv'ment man de minnit he gits sober enuff to lissen."

"Whut you mean sober enough to listen?"

"Demmy, you don't figger no Guv'ment man wid dat much money to lend out to folks is gwine (Continued on page 52)

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Home Groan

(Continued from page 51)

to spend his nights sittin' home in his sock feet playin' checkers wid his wife, does you? Naw suh—chances is dat man has hisself a fust-class ruckus every night whut bumbles his brain long after daylight."

"Mighty lucky for us if de man's brain is bumbled copious. You bound to lie to him no matter if you tells de truth."

A"IN'T gwine to lie to no Guv'ment man. Whereat does you figger dis Home Groaners local office is at for dis section of de country?"

"Sunnymount is de county seat. All de Guv'ment men sets round upstairs in de Sunnymount Post Office building. Chances is dat's de place you finds him."

"Dat's de fust place I looks. Eight o'clock upstairs in de Sunnymount Post Office is where Lady Luck kin find me."

Running true to schedule, on the following morning at eight o'clock the Wildcat climbed the well-worn stairs of the old and dilapidated Post Office building in Sunnymount. Encountering a janitor who was doing his best to transform his job into a perpetual furlough, "Where at is de Home Groaners boss man?" the Wildcat asked. "De boss man of dis Home Groaners Loan Combination whut gives money to everybody?"

"Keep climbing to the third floor. Read the signs when you get there," the janitor directed.

"Yass suh . . . De trouble is I ain't never learnt to read."

"Go to the top of the stairs and turn left down the hall," the janitor directed. "Go in the first door to your right."

At the top of the stairs the Wildcat hesitated for a moment, trying to remember whether the janitor had said to turn to the right or the left. The local office of the Home Owners Loan Corporation was to his left. He turned to the right and walked toward an open door above which a large sign carried the legend, "Collector, United States Internal Revenue." Across the room, seated at a battered black walnut desk in front of a narrow window the Wildcat saw a portly gentleman who looked as if he might be on the point of lending fourteen thousand dollars to the first applicant.

The Wildcat removed his hat. He bowed to the portly gentleman. "Cap'n suh, us bids you a mighty good mornin'."

The government man nodded toward this first visitor of the day. "Good mornin'," he said. "What do you want?"

"I come to see about a fourteen thousand dollar item," the Wildcat began. "Ise de owner an' proprietor of de Dixie Chicken Palace down de highway near Palo Alto."

"What's your name?"

"Name Vitus Marsden, but folks generally calls me de Wilcat."

The portly gentleman smiled. You

never could tell much about an egg from the looks of its shell. Anybody who called fourteen thousand dollars an item was worth listening to. "What about the fourteen thousand dollar item? I suppose you left it out of your 1933 statement?"

"Yass suh. I sho did." There was nothing like being agreeable to white folks. The Wildcat could recall a lot of statements that he had made in 1933, but it was well enough at the moment to trail along with the Guv'ment man and agree to everything.

At this, "Did you file a return for 1933?"

The truth, the whole truth and a mild amount of embroidery would fit this question. "Cap'n suh, I wouldn't go so fur as to take the affirmative on dat side."

The government man fished a complicated looking blank out of the top drawer of his desk. He reached for a lead pencil. "It's a mighty good thing you got under the wire today. There's a heavy penalty on delinquents that goes into effect at midnight."

"Yass suh, dey sho is."

"How much money did you make in 1933?"

Here was a chance for a boy to swell up big and orate some high-toned personal history. "De last money whut I took in outside of de Chicken Palace cash wuz four thousand dollars from de Old Paymaster mine."

The government man noted the item.

"Dey wuz some chicken feed here an' dere," the Wildcat continued, "but de biggest money I made wuz in de spring. Lady Luck stood by me an' de dice on a trip from Sacramento to Omaha. I started out helpin' a man take care of four carloads of sheep. We got into a ruckus wid de dice an' by de time us got to Omaha all dem sheeps an' sheepesses an' de little lambs belonged to me. I sold 'em fur a mighty lot of money. I remember after de Omaha ruckus when Demmy come to rescue me back to California dey wuz nearly three thousand dollars left in my hip pocket."

"How much did you sell the sheep for in Omaha?"

"Dey brung about eight thousand dollars."

The government man made another notation. "That's twelve thousand gross income so far. How much did you make from your Chicken Palace enterprise? Did you bring the books with you?"

"Us made big money wid dat. It wuzn't runnin' last year else I never would have got no money from dat Old Paymaster mine business."

"You mean to say that twelve thousand dollars is all you made in 1933?"

"Dat's all, 'ceptin' some little money. Dey wuz seven hundred dollars I took off of dat train conductor shootin' craps wid him, an' a brakeman loses his watch; den dey wuz some wages I got a while back an'

some more money I made in de Clover Club in Sam Francisco. Dat's about all."

When these items had been recorded, "Have you got a family?"

"Cap'n, naw suh."

"What were your expenses in connection with the sheep?"

"Never had me no expenses. Dem sheep wuz clean profit after de dice started rollin' my way."

"What were your expenses on the Old Paymaster job?"

"Never had no expenses. Never had no money to spend till I quit de job an' sold de stock de man give me 'stead of wages."

The government man did a moment's figuring. "Two thousand one hundred and sixty dollars and forty cents," he said finally. "You can pay it in four installments or all at once. It's a mighty good thing you came in here today. You know we can fine you up to ten thousand dollars and add a year in jail for willful failure to make your return on time."

The Wildcat batted his eyes. He felt instinctively that some element of the fourteen thousand dollar Home Groaners transaction had skidded sideways. Weakly then, "Cap'n, yas suh," he agreed. "Dat sho is de truth. Whut you say about de fourteen thousand dollars whut—"

THE government man looked puzzled for a moment. "Two thousand one hundred and sixty dollars and forty cents," he repeated. "You get the money or a check for at least the first quarter in here by tonight or you get hit with a mighty heavy penalty."

As near as the Wildcat could make out from the general drift of the conversation the heavy penalty that the government man referred to was a ten thousand dollar fine and a year in jail.

"Midnight tonight is the dead line," the heavy-set dictator repeated.

Weakly, "Yas suh," the Wildcat agreed. He reached for his hat. "Us 'ranges dat long befo' midnight." The main thing now was to gain the freedom of the outer air. He bowed to the Guv'ment man. "Us bids you good mornin', cap'n suh. Sho mighty much obliged for all de favors you help me out wid."

The government man shoved the income tax blank at the Wildcat. "Take this with you and return it with your payment," he said.

The Wildcat reached out a trembling hand for the document. "Yas suh, Cap'n, thank you kindly suh."

Lady Luck's orphan drew his first deep and gratifying breath half a mile away from the Sunnymount Post Office. "Lawdy," he moaned, "I might have knowed de minnit I starts messin' wid any Loan Groaner Guv'ment man dat Old Man Trouble would git me. Mebbe Demmy kin figger some way us kin side-step dis jail

business . . . Doggone it, de guv'ment wuzn't like dis durin' de War. In dem good old days dey give a boy mighty good free clothes, mighty copious free rations, an' rid him to France on a free picnic. Seems like all dis Blue Deal does is go from bad to worse. Wisht Demmy wuz here to help me out of dis mess."

Encountering Demmy an hour later in the sanctuary of an upstairs room in the Dixie Chicken Palace, the Wildcat favored his partner with a brief recital of his reception at the hands of the heavy-set guv'ment man at Sunnymount. "I axes him for fourteen thousand dollars, Demmy, an' de next thing I knowed he promised to boon me wid a year in jail an' fine me ten thousand dollars lessen I give him two thousand dollars cash money. Dese dog-gone guv'ment folks is sho got me beat! Seems like dat New Eagle got his claws clenched mighty deep into my carcass."

"Nemmine about dat," Demmy said. "Dat New Eagle is flyin' so high he kain't see de real trouble. De thing whut skins my nose is dis county tax man whut prowled in whilst you wuz away. Hand me dat paper over dere. I reads it to you. It says us pays de county taxes right now else de county sheriff rallies round an' beds us down in de courthouse whilst de old judge thinks up some real big annual numbers."

"You mean you had financial trouble same as me whilst I wuz splainin' to dat guv'ment man?"

"Trouble is de word," Demmy affirmed. "Not only grief enough to fill de cup of woe at de present minnit, but misery enough promised for de future to keep us in jail from now on . . . How come us git into dis financial mess in de fust place!"

The Wildcat picked up his hat. "Don't let dat itch on yo' hide no place, Demmy. Come a-runnin' wid me. Right dis minnit de only thing I ponders is how fur an' how fast kin us travel gittin' away from dis place. Let dem county boys fight de guv'ment men to see who git's de most cash. I bet dey ain't gwine to be nuthin' left of nobody when dat fight quits. Grab yo' hat an' come a-runnin'!"

Demmy hesitated a moment. "Whut about de jazz band an' dem Chinees cooks an' de store folks whut rigs dis place up, along wid—"

"Everybody in dis world is got his own trouble," the Wildcat interrupted. "When de ship hits de rocks my motto is swim for de shore, brother, under water if you has to! Grab yo' hat an' start swimmin'!"

The notes of a saxophone drifted up from where its owner was practising an old piece of music for the night's program. "Demmy, lissen to whut dat boy's playin'." For the first time that morning the Wildcat smiled. "Lissen to him playin' 'Tenn-o-see I Hear You Callin' Me.' Come a-runnin', Demmy. He ain't de orly boy whut hears Tenn-o-see callin' to him. By de time dem guv'ment jail folks gits to where I is at dis minnit, I aims to be hip deep in Dixie. California, here us goes! Tenn-o-see, us craves to bid you how-de-do!"



The 'Little Red'

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The Turning Tide

(Continued from page 5)

on the second generation will be likely to be nine. They who have studied the effect of our old schools and schoolmasters—mostly well-trained ministers—on our crude population in the sixty years that followed Washington's victory will understand me.

I have been searching diligently for the remote and slow moving causes of our discomfiture. My own eyes have witnessed their growth.

Let us begin our study in the year 1879. We had been through one of the great wars of history, a remote result of which was the panic of '73, followed by a period of depression like that of our time. It lasted six years.

OUR experiment with individual liberty had succeeded, and largely because the percentage of individual intelligence among our people was far above that of any other country. We had had our scandals. There were Tweed and the Credit Mobilier affairs. In a population of sixty million the Devil is sure to show his face. What happened then? That is the important matter. The cartoons of Thomas Nast, the denunciations of Greeley, Dana, and George William Curtis, public indignation that hastened the punishment of the guilty.

Our schools and schoolmasters had a magic that excited the wonder of the world. They brought greatness out of poverty. They filled the minds of the young with ideals looking toward human service and the betterment of the land they lived in. Civilization was a word that we boys were familiar with. We were told of the God of our fathers. We went to church Sundays and we got a firm faith in Him. We read Dickens, Thackeray and George Eliot.

The fruit of the old-time school and its masters would include most of the shining names in American history. What an inspiring galaxy of distinguished men were at that convention in Chicago in 1880—or seeking its honors: Blaine, Garfield, Conkling, Evarts, Hoar, Edmunds, John Sherman, Phil Sheridan. When since then has such an aggregation been seen in this land of ours? Or when have we heard a really masterful effort like that of Conkling when he stood on the reporters' table at that convention? Or when, after the excitement had fallen into silence, have we heard a sentence whose vital message went to the ends of the earth like that with which the rugged Garfield calmly began his speech? The great winged voices were soon hushed. Only twice since then have they been heard—when Henry W. Grady, an old-time Southern editor, spoke to the New England society of New York and when Mark Twain addressed the world that he had served so well at his seventieth birthday dinner.

Why now do we hear no voice that

cleaves the sky with a power in it like that which whirls the planets? That question I shall try to answer. Am I forgetting one voice? I think that I am and I will speak of it later.

In all the civilized world the literary men of New England were known and read. They were Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Russell Lowell, John G. Whittier, Henry W. Longfellow, Ralph Waldo Emerson, the Alcotts and Nathaniel Hawthorne. They are gone. New England is now chiefly noted for its factories and summer resorts. Why? Where are its masters of the rostrum like Charles Sumner and Wendell Phillips?

All those were children of the time just before me. They had the flavor of the soil out of which they sprang. They started currents of thought that cleansed and bettered the minds of the great crowd through which they flowed. We boys and girls found them in the magazines—the *Atlantic*, *Scribner's*, *Harper's*, *North American Review*—every one of them a skillful agent of civilization. They made money, but that was not their chief object. A million dollars would not have tempted them to print a filthy tale or to commit the slightest violation of their principles. Their managers would have laughed at any offer to offend their readers with advertising thrust between a poem of Tennyson and a novel of Howells. They were, primarily, trying to better the life of their country, and they appealed to people of good taste. The best art of the engraver and printer was in some of them and the best literature was in all of them.

Such was the spirit and leadership of the time when I began to think myself an important part of the world.

THE year 1869 is distinguished by an event which has had a remarkable effect on the history of the United States. Charles W. Eliot became President of Harvard University. He was a young man of thirty-five and of liberal opinions. The old timers on the board, of whom Dr. Holmes was one, were shocked by his wish to have Thomas H. Huxley—an avowed agnostic—deliver the inaugural address. Still, had not a time come when academic doors, even in America, should open for a great scientist? And they did. Dr. Eliot had finished his education in Europe. There scholarship was extending the frontiers of human knowledge. He announced that he would have some excellent European scholars on his faculty. He would increase the student body by adopting the elective system of study. Ambitious boys from Maine to California were dreaming of old Harvard. Its leadership in importing foreign talent for teaching was followed by other institutions. The foreigners were glad to come. Higher salaries were paid in America.

So the ideas of Europe began to flood

into the minds of the younger generation on this continent. What were they? We find the fundamentals of its thought in an essay by Edward Caird, then, or soon after then, professor of philosophy in Glasgow University. This extract is sufficient:

"Earth has been disconnected from heaven and the human race thrown on its own resources. Deity is either denied or tending toward a remote Supreme Being indifferent to love or reverence. All powers have been stripped of the mysterious sanctity which invested them."

We do not wonder that Europe had experienced a rebound from "mysterious sanctity," having put it upon every cat and dog who wore a crown, like Henry the Eighth and Catherine of Russia. The mysterious sanctity of George the Third had been severely shattered. Now any kind of philosophy would do little harm in Europe. The upper classes could juggle with that word sanctity to their heart's content as they always had. It was a matter of indifference to the driven masses. They plodded along in the ancient paths. They read almost nothing but the Bible and were in no way concerned about the theories of philosophers.

HERE how different! The ignorant made the small minority. The sons and daughters of the poor farmer, of the blacksmith, of the millhand, of the small shopkeeper had been reading and studying and were looking for a chance to work their way through college.

The statement of Professor Caird was probably correct for Europe. Clearly, however, its promulgation here was bound to be a far more serious matter than it could be there. In the cynical, fashionable crowd which for many years had ruled Great Britain and the European continent it was of slight importance. Faith in God, the minister, and in the will of the people were threads in the great fabric of our nation that had worn well in many trials. Whether true or false, faith had been the cornerstone of our republic. The whole structure rested upon it. For almost three centuries it had slowly shaped the life of our people. When you undermine it the result is like the assassination of Caesar. A kind of anarchy follows. There is no tumbling of towers so pathetic and so disastrous as that of the silent towers in the minds of a people.

In a despotism where power rules, faith or no faith is a matter of slight importance. But in a democracy like ours where the integrity of the individual is of incalculable importance, where law and order and personal rights depend upon faith between man and man—faith in the courts, and representatives, and in every agency of justice—a further step in faith would seem to be necessary. Is not a sound democracy

impossible without a sense of responsibility to a Power above that of men? At least from this double government we got admirable results. I seem to have observed that where faith in God dies, virtue becomes a jest, honor fails, and after that, silence. Consider the cynical and vanished courts of Europe.

Without "mysterious sanctity" what is to happen to the church, the minister and the marriage vow? Then, too, how about the young and the sacred duty to honor and to obey? Quite apart from other considerations are not children without religion like horses turned loose without hobbles in a strange, wild country. Soon we have no horses and both we and they are in trouble.

NOW we have not far to seek for the real causes of certain phenomena of recent years. Churches have been emptied not by motor cars but by weakened and destroyed faith. When we are told that forty percent of a recent class that graduated from a great university were atheists we know how it has come to pass.

I was rather wide awake in that strange and wonderful decade of the 80's. Have I heard it called "the Drab Eighties"? It was in fact one of the most significant and exciting decades in human history. Edison had begun to light America with his "incandescent lamps." The telephone, the steam turbine, the gas engine arrived. Talking and singing were mechanically reproduced. Three transcontinental railroads were in operation. Many machines for the lessening of human labor and the multiplication of its product were on the market.

Innumerable large corporations were being organized. The fortunes of the Steel King, the Oil King, and the Copper King were looming into great proportions. Business quickened its pace. The security market was active. Banks were growing. An era of unexampled accumulation was under way. Wealth seemed to be within the reach of every able youngster. Every one striving for wealth, its ease, its flesh pots, and its splendor! The lure of all that was irresistible. Boys were leaving every countryside to go to the cities. Now they were thinking not so much of public service and the learned professions as they were of the rewards of salesmanship and speculation.

The greed for gain had begun. It is like a taste for the tables of Monte Carlo—a thing not easily put down. It grows. When its culmination came in 1929, nearly every citizen—even clerks, stenographers, farmers, cooks, and small shopkeepers—was loaded with stocks held on a slender margin.

When asked for the cause of the unrest in India its Viceroy answered: "The Russo-Japanese War and the American movies showing the rottenness of the white races."

Some years ago a Presbyterian gentleman was appointed to look after the morals of the movie stage. The morals got worse. Yet his salary is considerably in excess of a

hundred thousand a year. Can there be any doubt as to the origin of the unholy greed with which we have been afflicted?

When we survey the Senate and the House of Representatives the old dictum of Goldsmith comes to mind: "Where wealth accumulates and men decay." In both bodies there are respectable men, but no great voice that commands the ear of the world. I saw the process of deterioration begin and develop. In the early nineties the only man in the Senate to whom one would care to listen was John J. Ingalls of Kansas, a rhetorical humorist, whose name is almost utterly forgotten. I have seen the Republicans nominate for the Presidency a man who said that the tariff was a local issue. Our national legislature, representing rather imperfectly the will of the people, had ceased to recruit the roll of immortals. Were they representing great corporations and not the people? No one can answer that question. It would have a logical result of causes in operation. The great corporations had given us unexampled prosperity and the electorate was indifferent.

So I have seen the coming and abnormal growth in favorable soil of the thing called greed now come to its final revolting stage of development in the kidnapper, the bandit, and the racketeer. We shall soon see a turn of the tide. When that stage comes, public indignation begins to hurl its lightning on the offenders, who soon find it an occupation too uncomfortable. It doesn't pay. Power and vigilance get busy and the fate of Dillinger overtakes them.

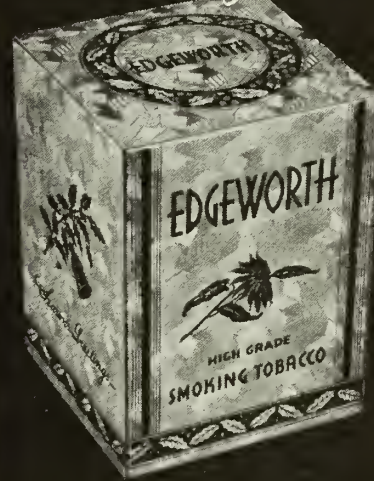
This Christmas time will, let us hope, mark the great turn. We are apt to forget that there are at least forty million people of the old faith. They are now organized into a great fighting machine. They have begun a big campaign of cleaning up. They will not fail if they do not forget that vigilance—eternal and undiscouraged vigilance—is the price of success. I hope that they will not be dismayed by the outcry of emancipated authors and politicians.

I HAVE charted the route by which we came to this bedeviled situation. We came to it through the minds of the young and we must return by the same route. It is no difficult journey. We must begin to take a deeper interest in their teaching in home and school. We have learned the value of virtue and honor and good faith. They must be at least as sincerely and constantly advertised as gin and cigarettes. Is our love for our children and our country greater than our selfishness and our folly? This Christmas time let us answer that question.

Under the inspiration of this cause new leaders will come to us. We have now a really great leader in Owen D. Young. I would say that no man of my time has touched higher levels of thought than he. He has set a fine example in his school in Van Hornesville, the town where he was born. There will be others, many others who will hear the call of this great task.

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Look down your Christmas list. Do you find there a pipe smoker or two? Then let us give you a hint about these fellows who smoke pipes. Their devotion to their pipes is a far deeper affection than is given any other form of smoking. Naturally, any gift which increases this beloved pleasure wins a warm spot in their hearts.

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TO EMPLOYERS

How many pipe smokers on your salary list? How many of your close associates in your office smoke pipes? They are sure to enjoy Edgeworth—and these pound packages in their bright and cheerful Christmas cartons are already marked "Season's Greetings." Ask your tobacco dealer about the new 1934 Edgeworth Christmas packages. If he cannot supply you, the Edgeworth folks will be glad to take care of your order for you. Write to us at the address above.

They Called Me Dad

(Continued from page 17)

"Fall in. Forward, hutch!" Out to a dump to sort out empty vinegar barrels for reclamation, choked with stinking, reeking smoke from burning waste and garbage. Infantry? Boy, you're in the Q. M. C. At last—the chow bugle for dinner. Come and get it. Fried liver and not much bacon.

Afternoon drill. Rest until supper chow. Say, I was so lame I couldn't even have squatted; let alone come up snappy to suit that bald-headed major at the recruiting station.

One evening outside the barracks a sergeant happened by as I was correcting some rookies practising foot movements. "Where did you learn that?" he asked.

"Three hitches in the Regulars," I reeled off. "Got busted in the last hitch." That was better, I guessed, than saying, "National Guard." And it was.

"TAKE the company up in the morning for first drill," he replied. "I'm going over to New Rochelle and won't be back in time."

I slept that night in sergeants' quarters. Clean sheets and pillow cases, and believe me, I slept.

So on, for about two weeks—drills, ball games, crap, currying horses, shoveling coal.

Posted for overseas! (I thought.) Physical exam. "Fall in," kit bag, blanket, chow outfit. "Do you owe anyone money? Does anyone owe you money?"

"Right face." The eternal, "Forward, hutch!" And so aboard an old open excursion barge towed by a tugboat—for who the hell knew where. We had hardly shoved off when it commenced raining. A hard thunder shower. Packed in as tight as we could stand we were a drenched steaming mass. And how that excursion boat rocked in the whitecaps that were stirred up in the Sound. But turn back? "Yer in the army now."

Hoboken is the next port of call. Roll call outside a big shed—still raining. A Red Cross woman asked the captain why he didn't take us inside. "What's the difference? They're drenched already." Oh, well, he took us inside. Roll call finished, we munched at dry cheese sandwiches that we had brought with us. The Red Cross supplied plenty of good hot coffee and chocolate.

"Fall in. Entrain." And we scrambled aboard an antique collection of passenger cars. Smelly oil lamps, broken down seats, cracked and broken window panes. But presently the coaches protesting in every creaking joint we commenced clanking along.

Word was passed that Camp Meigs, Maryland, was to be our destination. We detoured, side-tracked and stopped plenty. Though our uniforms had pretty well dried out by this time, our blankets

were still wet. In spite of its being August we were chilled to the bone.

It was 5 A.M. when after 17 hours in transit we reached Washington. It was still raining. We hiked it to Camp Meigs, just on the city's outskirts. We waited in line to be examined by doctors who were not in a chipper mood at having been jerked out of bed at such an hour. No mattresses on the cots, and our blankets still wet. But there was only an hour to flop before Reveille at six. Roll call. Just my luck, stuck for guard duty.

"Say, Sergeant, I only got in at five A.M."

"You're outta luck."

Guard duty, drills, police duty, picking up butts, matches, scraps of paper. No cut-off broom handles with sharp spikes on the ends like those fellows use in the subway, and Bryant Park. Just stoop down and pick 'em up. Excellent for the leg muscles. Detailed to help tear down an old red brick house, the bricks to be used in building a swimming pool. Fine for the back muscles. Detailed to sod the lawn in front of the colonel's house, to rake his backyard, to wheel barrows of brick and mortar. "Business experience."

One day after a hard eight-hours' day at some such task as mentioned above the sergeant barked, "You older men fall out, and get to your barracks."

I fell out.

"Hey, you get back into line."

Some young fellow laughed out, "He's the oldest man in the outfit."

"Why didn't you say something?" said the sergeant. "Fall out."

After that those young lads gave me the breaks, and I had it pretty soft. They called me "Dad." And I liked it.

Flu everywhere. Men at Retreat were dropping. The men on each side and nearest were ordered to pick them up and make for the nearest cot. All were husky young lads. I escaped it. I was next detailed to the medical corps.

One day the corporal at the gate came up to the barracks door and said, "A woman from Baltimore wants to see her son in Company A."

He was sick with the flu.

"Ask her his army serial number." We could look at his disk, but we knew none of them by their names. She didn't know it.

"What's his name?"

"Johnny Smith." Or something.

I passed by cots repeating, "Johnny Smith, Johnny Smith." A kid in a cot in the corner smiled. I knew I had him—pretty bad case. I decided to take a chance. So I chased the two fellows on guard down to the latrines to have a smoke, and sneaked the kid's mother into the barracks. She saw her son. In comes a shavetail medico, who hadn't given us a see for several hours.

"Who in hell let that civilian in?" And

more of the same kind. I was getting a bawling out.

"I did," I admitted. But nothing came of it.

We carried the kid out the next morning.

There wasn't enough whiskey. Fifteen minutes from the capital at Washington—and no whiskey to save those good young fellows from going west.

Now that I had become acting sergeant I felt like one of Napoleon's or Grant's veterans. I wondered what my old man would think. He was a colonel under Grant.

I was posted again for overseas. I was given a complete overseas outfit. I had a hunch that this time it was going to take. I volunteered to go in a portable laundry outfit bound straight to the front. I said I had worked in a laundry all my life. But I guess I should have pretended to be a shoe clerk. I was rejected. I heard later that the portable laundry and squad deserted by air route the first day out, a Heinie shell making the assist.

Next stop—Newport News. Embarkation headquarters. No room in the barracks. The grass in the park looked good, and we slept O.K. in spite of a little drizzle. I was tough now. More inoculations. I'd got used to them by that time. None took.

We hiked to Camp Hill. No room—to Stuart—all sand. We filled our mattress sacks with damp moldy straw, prepared to spend the night at Stuart. Then we had to empty them out again. News had come of a big outfit coming in from the West for overseas. We were ordered back to Hill and had to bunk on the floor. Nearby was an oldfashioned privy. Some one touched a match to it and it was burned down. That was a good gesture. But the smell lingered. I was next detailed to Gregory as chambermaid to big draft horses. Gregory was the main point from which overseas shipments of draft horses were made. We led them in squads of four down to the transports.

THEN I was detailed back to Camp Hill. By that time I had given up the idea of getting infantry duty overseas, or any other kind. And the novelty of being stable boy and man of all work had commenced to wear thin. I decided to look around for something soft. Having been in the National Guard was a help in knowing how to go about it. I got it, assistant to the sergeant in the canteen. No Reveille, no hikes, no exams. Fifty-one dollars a month.

Aside from handing out cigarettes and candy bars at the canteen I ran the camp's boxing shows. One day a young fellow said to me, "Dad, you look pretty well set up. Why don't you ever put on the gloves yourself?"

I said, "All right. I'll put them on with you." There was nothing to it. He was

a well set-up kid but had never had the gloves on more than a few times. But I had no further ambitions to demonstrate my prowess with the gloves.

I got my discharge late in December. My old job, which I held for more than twenty years, with the exception of a few months leave for army service, was waiting for me when I got back. It took the de-

pression to do for that. Unemployed, as I write this, I am doubly sure that if the bald-headed major who was at the recruiting station would have me I'd sign up again tomorrow—even knowing that it was going to be the Q. M. C. Because, after everything is considered, what's the difference when, "Yer in the army"? Yes, sir, I'd "swally it hull."

Five Firsts—There Weren't Any More

(Continued from page 25)

bass instruments. The Americans protested. The point was overruled. They would have to play French music, at sight, or leave the contest. The Americans played, and won first place in sight-reading against the French themselves. This, in spite of the fact that the judges of the contest were French.

Upon such meat as this are wars fed. The Italians, and the Austrians, and the Poles, and the Germans were outward in their manifestation of glee over the defeat of the French and the victory of the Americans. The entente cordiale was thrown out the window. The Americans had beaten the French at their own music.

That was point Number One.

Then the American Legion Band won first place in parade. Those boys hadn't been prancing up and down American streets, at American Legion conventions, for nothing. With the inimitable drum-major, the Swedish Olie Olsen, they put on a parade that wrung cheers even from the French.

That was point Number Two.

Victory of victories, the American Legion Band won first place in the international contest, band for band. That made them the champions of the world.

Point Number Three.

Veasey Walker, conductor of the band, then went into competition with all other leaders—148 of 'em. And he won first place for directorship.

Point Number Four.

Not satisfied with this, the American Legion Band of Milwaukee entered their only woman musician, Miss Evelyn Penak, in the saxophone contest. Her performance was a revelation even to the saxophone players. She was awarded first place.

Five points in favor of the Americans, five first places—and that happened to be all there were—there weren't any more.

Amateurs all, this band is made up of men from almost every rank of life—bankers, brokers, advertising agents, physicians, plumbers, barbers, utility magnates, newspapermen, and fifteen bandmasters who lead little bands of their own in the off season—when this band is not contesting for some championship or other. Among the players, also, is a sign painter who, the moment the awards were announced, started to paint in big letters on the bass drum: THE AMERICAN

LEGION BAND OF MILWAUKEE, BLATZ POST No. 373—WORLD'S CHAMPIONS. He had brought along his brushes and his paint.

Even the French shouted: "Vive la Milwaukee!"

The Germans grunted: "Heil Yankees."

The Americans said, "Hot Dog."

In a little while, the period of mourning was over in Germany.

The Americans went back there to pick up their broken tour. They came as conquering heroes. Received with acclaim by a people who, only sixteen years before, looked upon them as foemen.

German newspapers gave first page headlines, pictures and news stories to the triumph of the Americans at Geneva. It may have been a roundabout way of gloating over the French defeat. Anyway, the Americans received the benefit of it all. From then on, the American uniform became a signal for demonstration in Germany. It looked good, too, to see those shiny tin helmets over the blue uniform trooping through the streets of German towns—Hanover, Hamburg, Cologne.

When the band was received officially in Berlin, the whole town turned out. It became a day never to be forgotten in German annals.

A city of parades, Berlin hasn't seen anything like this triumphal procession of the Americans down Unter den Linden since the days when the Kaiser himself went on parade, with his Brandenburg Guards and the Imperial Army fore and aft the royal equipage.

Hitler and his immediate advisors, busy reshaping the newly formed government, were the only high officials not at the station to welcome the Milwaukeeans. The burgomaster of Berlin was there, and the chief of police.

The entire Kyffhäuser Bund from the Berlin district, 12,000 strong, turned out in uniform. Regimental flags of the German armies since the day of Frederick the Great were carried to greet the Americans. Those flags, some of them, were taken from the National Museum. It was the first time they had seen actual sunlight since their service on the battlefields.

Down Unter den Linden the Americans came, preceded by an honor guard made up of their former antagonists in the front line trenches, the Frontkämpfers, Front Soldiers of the (Continued on page 58)

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Five Firsts—There Weren't Any More

(Continued from page 57)

World War. The Germans call them *Die Alte Soldaten*; which sounds like the Old Soldiers, a shock to all the Americans who fought in the World War, but it means, actually, the ex-soldiers. They are mighty spry looking men, too—most of them in their forties.

Back of the boys from Milwaukee was a detachment of the Reichswehr, magnificent regular army men; Storm Troopers, the S. S., and then the S. A., brown-clad boys from 18 to 21—and even the Hitler Youth, with the maidens marching along for decorative purposes.

THE Legion Band played three good old-fashioned marches on their way to the hotel. No sooner landed there when they were taken to the broadcasting studios of the government-owned and operated radio—they call it wireless—and played for the entire nation—one full hour. It was at that time of day when all Germany knocks off work, to imbibe beer, sip wine or stir coffee. So 65,000,000 Germans cannot go wrong now on American music. They heard a good sample of it—even babes in their cradles listening to "Lazy Bones."

These, however, were but the preliminaries, a day of rest before the big event.

The reception to the Americans, arriving in Berlin with bands playing and flags flying, was as nothing to what came next day. On the morrow, the Americans were to place a wreath on the memorial to the German soldier dead.

That memorial is not a tomb to an Unknown Soldier, as these shrines are known in other lands. Germany did not single out any lone, unknown warrior from any war to make obeisance to a hero. She erected a temple to the dead of all wars. It stands on the square that adjoins Unter den Linden, that grand old avenue of Berlin that begins at the Brandenburg Gate.

A great, gaunt, gray building, the outer walls of the memorial are graced by Corinthian columns. The interior is as simple as that of the Lincoln memorial in Washington. Just a bare room, in the form of a square, with a cenotaph in the center of the floor. Nobody is buried there. To the right and left, at the rear wall, two great torches. Perpetual lights burning to the memory of those who fell in the wars for Germany. Simply that and nothing more. Those torches are destined to burn, sending up their shafts of shadowy light so long as Germany is on fire with the zeal of a united people. It is ablaze now. Almost with fanaticism. A frenzy known nowhere else on the face of the globe.

When it became known, through newspapers and radio, that Americans were going to honor the unknown soldier dead of Germany, the heroic dead of Germany, a wave of hysteria swept over Berlin. As many as could pack themselves within a

street area big as any five football stadiums in America came to see this ceremony. Others thronged the line of march. It was at least six times as large a crowd as had seen the parade of the day before.

No one seemed to know how it all came about, how it originated. No one could say for certain what prompted this American Legion band to lay aside its instruments and to march as soldiers, doing what no other American, English, Belgian, or Allied group had done since the end of the World War—re-kindle the embers of friendship with a vanquished people by placing a wreath on the memorial to former enemy soldiers.

It brought an extra throb into the hearts of the German people. Everywhere, they had expressed the feeling that America and Americans were poisoned against them. This act of the Americans in Berlin seemed like the simple operation of removing the poisoned dart—and the Germans were happy.

In front of the memorial, to welcome the Americans, stood the head of the *Kyffhäuser Bund*, Colonel Reinhart—a frontline soldier who had fought against the Americans in the Argonne, and who had been wounded six times. He is a hero to the German people, and a friend to the Americans. Nothing he could do for them was left undone. Next was General-Major Kuhlwein von Rathenow, who proved to be the good fellow of Germany, so far as the Americans are concerned. Then, Captain James Cave Crockett, assistant military attaché of the American Embassy in Berlin. With the officials of the German government, and the city of Berlin, representatives of all military organizations in the Third Reich, these men occupied the reviewing stand.

As those old soldiers—*Alte Soldaten*—who fought in the World War—the *Frontkämpfers*—stepped by the reviewing stand they pounded their outstretched boots against the pavement in the goose-step—pounded so hard that the impact resounded like the thud of a thousand pile drivers smacking a thousand piles in unison.

The sound of that mighty whack struck against the memorial hall. It reverberated in echo throughout the plaza. It was heard over and against blaring German brass bands and drum corps that accompanied the marching soldiers.

HEADS and eyes to the right, this was the salute to the Americans! Boots, boots, boots! Step, step, step! Boots, boots, boots!

At the end of the ceremonies, the German *Kyffhäuser Bund* and the American Legionnaires met in the banquet hall of the *Kyffhäuser*. Luncheon was served—an old-fashioned German food-fest with the beer spigots wide open. It lasted from

two in the afternoon until long after five. The boys had just a few hours to prepare for even a greater thrill that awaited them.

Eight o'clock that night the Legion band gave its final concert in the Sports Palast of Berlin.

Now the Sports Palast is no mean hall. It seats 22,000 persons. An additional 3,000 paid to stand.

The beginning of that concert was a sight for the gods.

Squares around the Sports Palast the streets were roped off to keep back the crowds. An hour before the American band appeared the hall was packed to the rafters.

The German officials, staging the welcoming ceremony here, had decided to show the Americans how it should be done.

The hall was draped, every inch of it, with the two flags of the Third Reich—the plain red, white and black stripes of Germany, and the brilliant red, with white circle, the swastika of the National Socialist party—the flag of Hitler. Back stage, center, was Old Glory.

On the stage—large enough to hold half a thousand performers—were grouped the *Kyffhäuser* flags, plain red, with an iron cross, black, in a white square—and all the regimental flags that had appeared in the parade to the war memorial.

THE regular German army band was ordered to share the concert with the Americans, along with a bugle corps from the Berlin Police force.

While the Germans were to contribute music, they were not going to take any honors away from the Americans—the world's champions now playing their first concert for comrades in arms.

So that the Milwaukee outfit should get the full benefit of a mammoth reception, the Legion band was held outside in the lobby thirty minutes after the ceremonies began.

Then, when things were livened up a bit, the Americans were marched the length of the hall—a full city block—the colors in front of them, through two lanes flanked by *Kyffhäuser Bund*, standing in the center aisle at rigid attention.

At the entrance of the Americans, marching to the military music of a German band, 25,000 Germans in the audience arose and gave the Hitler salute—arms and hands extended. It was impressive.

When the Americans reached the stage, the audience broke into frenzied applause.

Seasoned newspapermen, correspondents assigned to Berlin by the principal papers of America, were there to witness the festivities. Some of them afterwards confessed they almost broke down and cried when the German Army Band played the Star Spangled Banner, once the Americans were in their places on stage.

For the first time in their German tour, the Americans broke loose with an assortment of jazz—and the Germans ate it up. When they played some of the old-fashioned German waltzes even the Hitlerites went wild—for while there is a re-born Germany, with youth in the saddle, and new ideas and new ideals, the folks still like “Ach, Du Lieber Augustine.”

When the final finishing flourishes were sounded—with “Horst Wessels,” the song dedicated to the first Nazi who fell in the revolution, and the new German Anthem—the audience disbanded, giving the Nazi salute before they departed and watching the Americans parade again down the aisle, guarded by the Kyffhäuser Bund.

“Heil Hitler,” shouted the Germans to the departing Americans.

“Auf Wiedersehn,” sang the Americans. It was not, however, good night.

The ever thoughtful Kyffhäuser Bund, who had entertained the Americans in a two-day session at their beautiful mountain home, in the Golden Valley, now had another card to play.

At midnight there was an old Bavarian beer evening. It was held in a famous Hofbrau Haus a mile away from the Sports Palast.

When the dawn broke, the Americans, each accompanied by a German, and occasionally two, wended their way back to hotel headquarters—to prepare for the journey to Hamburg where the last concert was held two days before sailing home.

Blatz Post's band landed in New York harbor on the afternoon of August 30th. Fog had delayed the ship, so that the Americans missed a reception arranged in their honor. And so the conquering heroes, returned to their own, their native land, had no one to meet them—not even the mayor of Milwaukee. They were put aboard buses and hauled immediately overland to the green fields of Wisconsin, and Milwaukee, where they were given a grand reception. And so back to work—after all, they are not professional musicians, even if they are champions of the world, in the band division. Heil Milwaukee! Heil Blatz Post—and its band.

Twelve Rules for Tire Health

(Continued from page 27)

your car in half the distance formerly required. You safely drive at 50 miles an hour around a curve which in 1924 would have permitted no more than 30. You do not even think of slowing down for a stretch of bad pavement through which you then would have picked your way at snail's pace. Each of these performances puts sufficient strain on your tires so that the best tire of 1924 would have been a wreck in short order. Taken together, they would have then practically assured you a blow-out within the first few hundred miles.

Do you begin to see why tire manufacturers talk about the race between automobiles and tires, why they are proud of the way they keep ahead in this race? Yet many 1934 models came out with front wheels no longer tied together rigidly by an axle. The action of these independently sprung front wheels puts the front tires to an entirely different set of road tests. The race never ends.

Excepting only a failure of the steering gear or loss of a wheel, most experienced tire men agree there is no mishap they fear more than a blown tire at a high speed. Perhaps you have had the experience. Certainly you have seen the consequences, either by the roadside or in public garages. And the most lamentable aspect of an accident from blowout is that it is, like most automobile accidents, entirely unnecessary. It usually could have been prevented.

We can dismiss as negligible the accidents arising from tire defects left in manufacture. Tire makers exercise every precaution to prevent building defective tires, and then inspect rigidly to catch any tires below standard which may possibly be

produced. In our organization, for example, a technical force is set up alongside but independent of the production departments for the sole purpose of watching quality, and the quality specialists watch the product constantly—and when any matter of quality arises they throw the questioned product out first and investigate it afterwards. So when you buy a tire made by any reputable manufacturer you may be reasonably sure it contains no defects which his experience has taught him either to prevent or to detect.

What, then, causes tires to fail? One of the two major causes: Running on a tire after it is too old or too badly worn to be safe; or abuse, which may be unintentional and unrecognized but abuse nevertheless. It is a conservative statement that the tire bill of the American public could be reduced twenty-five percent, and all the worn-out tires discarded, if the nation's automobile drivers would observe a dozen rules for taking care of their tires. Our engineers frequently go to a rubber reclamation plant—the burial ground of the nation's tires after their owners throw them away—and spend a busy week examining just as many tires as possible to determine what brought them to the end of their usefulness. The proportion which shows unmistakable evidence of abuse is amazing.

If you take care of your tires properly, if you observe these dozen simple and not particularly troublesome rules, you will tremendously decrease for your tires the abuse to which the average tire is subjected and you will accordingly decrease your own chances of tire failure and possible accident. By taking this set of precautions you can also reduce your (Continued on page 60)

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Twelve Rules for Tire Health

(Continued from page 59)

tire bill anywhere from 25 to 50 percent, depending on how careful you already are.

Without further preliminaries, let us look at twelve rules for avoiding blowouts and making tires last longer. Instead of making a bare list, suppose we pause on occasion for comments as they seem necessary.

1. Maintain the recommended or rated air pressure at all times. The recommended pressure is a minimum below which the tires should never be allowed to fall. Nor should pressure be maintained much above this figure. If the pressure for your tires is, say, 32 pounds—any tire dealer or service station man can look it up for you in a booklet he keeps on hand—you will do well to fill your tires to 34 pounds. Then check up at least once a week, and refill to 34 pounds. If a tire is in good condition, it should lose not more than two pounds per week. If a tire loses more than two pounds a week, it probably needs attention; have the valve looked at. Of course an old inner tube will lose air faster than one in good condition. If your inner tube is so old that it loses air at an excessive rate, it is good economy to get a new inner tube rather than take a chance on breaking down the casing by continuing to use it under-inflated. Over-inflation causes excessive wear on the middle of the tread, under-inflation causes flexing and eventual breakdown of the side wall.

2. Whenever you put on a new tire, or whenever a tire has been off the rim, do not start off on a long drive in implicit faith that its air pressure is what it should be. For reasons too involved to explain here, a tire immediately after it is put on the rim and run may lose several pounds of pressure. A good rule is to stop at the service station three or four miles up the road and have it checked. Likewise, a new tire is likely to lose air more rapidly for its first few weeks than after it is broken into service. If you have a new tire, it is safe to have it checked every other day for the first week, two or three times the second week, twice the third week. By the fourth week, if the car is driven daily, the tire should lose not more than two pounds a week and can safely go on a schedule of weekly inspection.

3. Do not run a tire constantly on the same wheel. Shift your tires from wheel to wheel, which will produce even wear. Include your spare in this scheme. Never allow a spare tire to remain unused for more than six months, because it deteriorates more rapidly if left unused too long. The way to use a tire most economically is to run it in every position on the car. On test cars our engineers use a circular method of shifting, for convenience. Every 5,000 miles move every tire clockwise. Thus your right front becomes your right rear, your right rear becomes your spare, your spare

becomes your left rear, and so on. If you have two spares, keep them both circulating in this fashion. And while the next recommendation is so much trouble you probably will not do it, it nevertheless is worth making. If your rims, or spare wheels, are such that one side of the rim must always be on the outside of the car, occasionally shift the tires on the rims, turning them so that the side of the tires which have been outside will now be inside. (If, like most people, you feel this is too inconvenient, at least see that it is done when you happen to have two tires off the rims at the same time, and you will gain to this extent.) A tire run always on one wheel gets lopsided wear. For instance, front tires get a different kind of wear from rear tires. Right-hand tires get more punishment from running off the pavement onto the shoulder of the road, and taking the jolt of coming back on the pavement. Likewise they get ground against curbstones more frequently.

4. Do not rely on the generally accepted belief that it is all right to run old tires on the back wheels, because a rear tire blowout is supposedly less dangerous than one in front. Like many commonly accepted beliefs, this is not so. By all of our tests, and the testimony of our test drivers, a rear tire blowout is every bit as dangerous as a front tire blowout. If the pavement happens to be slippery when the tire blows, and the remaining back tire is worn down so that it has no anti-skid tread on it, a rear tire blowout is more dangerous than a front blowout because the rear end is the end of the vehicle which does most of the skidding. This rear-end tendency to skidding is another reason why tires which are worn smooth are dangerous on the back wheels. Many of our people declare that if they had to drive one pair of badly worn tires, these would be put on the front wheels. The best advice for anyone who cannot afford a good set of tires all around is to put the car up until he can save up enough to buy good tires.

5. Unless you drive a hook-and-ladder or an ambulance or a squad car, don't go around corners at high speeds. It wears tires faster than almost anything else. When you twist your steering wheel at high speed, the tires turn, but the rest of the car tries to obey the law of inertia; it keeps on going in the same direction as before until the tires drag it into the path you have indicated. This puts a terrific strain on the side walls of the tire, what engineers term a torque. Likewise, the whole tire probably slides an inch or two sideways on the pavement. If you would like to see what this can do to a piece of rubber, get a new tire and rub one spot of it back and forth across six inches of new concrete pavement about 500 times, putting all your weight on it. Then look at the tire. And

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NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE.....

consider that all your weight and all your rubbing have done less to your new tread than the weight of your car plus 50 miles an hour can do to it in part of a second.

6. Except to prevent an accident, do not slam on your brakes. Not to mention what this practice does to brake linings, brake drums, and other parts of the car, it is not good for your tires. They have to stop going around, but inertia compels your car to keep going until the tires stop it. If you are moving fast enough, you get a forward slide that probably grinds an appreciable quantity of rubber off your four tires. Besides, it gives each tire a jerk along the lower side, which may damage the rubber and the carcass and the joint between them. Brake as gradually as possible, the slower the better for your tires. And be sure that all your brakes are equalized, for unequal braking does to one or more tires just what we have been discussing. Incidentally, a good brake-testing machine is many times as accurate a measure of how your brakes are equalized as is the eye of the most experienced mechanic.

7. Have your wheel alignment checked occasionally, the rear wheels as well as front. To have this done properly, you must go to a competent wheel alignment man who has the equipment to measure and make these adjustments. Front-wheel alignment involves definite and proper angles in three different planes, so it is not something that can be done by guess. If you have an old car and the test shows worn parts which permit your wheels to wobble, have them repaired even if it takes a new bearing, or new king-pins and bushings. In addition to the possibility that a wobbly wheel may come off, it is hard on tires. If you do not get the play taken out and the wheels properly aligned, you will presently find yourself faced not only with having the repair made but also with buying new tires. Wobble gives the tire a rotary grinding motion on the pavement which no tire yet built will withstand without harm.

8. Look over your tires occasionally to see how they are getting along. Those small pebbles lodged between the anti-skid corrugations will probably fall out while you are driving, but occasionally one may stubbornly remain there and work into the tread far enough to bruise and break the cords—which will probably lead to a blow-out and a vulcanizing job. It is safer to pry out these little stones with a screw driver, and examine the tread for nails and tacks. Pull them out if you have any, as you probably have. People frequently say of a nail imbedded in tire treads: "Oh, don't pull that out. If you do, it will leave a hole." This is another ill-founded superstition. If there happens to be a small hole in the inner tube which the nail is now plugging, you had better get it fixed now. If you continue driving on it, eventually it will let the air out and probably tear your inner tube and casing. Meanwhile it is deteriorating the carcass of the tire, both by allowing water to penetrate (the hole in the tread

will close itself once the nail is removed) and by carrying great heat into the carcass where it is probably melting the cords loose from the rubber which holds them. If your inspection of the tire discloses any blisters or cuts, have a competent tire man look at them. Some of them are unimportant, others can be cured by a very inexpensive vulcanizing operation before they spread, others are genuinely dangerous and may blow out at the wrong moment. In any event, knowing the true condition will certainly permit you to be forewarned.

9. High speed generates heat inside tires. Rubber above a given temperature deteriorates far faster than from normal wear. In cool weather or on wet roads this heat is drawn out of the tires, which is why tires usually wear less and deteriorate less in winter and rainy seasons than in summer. In extremely hot weather on dry roads, high speed heats the tire and tends to accelerate deterioration. And under these driving conditions, if the tire has previously been injured, high speed and the consequent excessive heat may lead to blowouts and other serious troubles.

10. Quick starting injures tires in much the same manner as quick stopping, except that the strain is in the opposite direction. Spinning the wheels in a quick start, or on a slippery road, injures tires unduly both through abrasion and through generating excessive heat. Anyhow, spinning your wheels does not get you out of the mud or snow bank. Instead of starting in low under such conditions, try starting in high. If this kills your engine, try starting slowly in second. If that does not get you out, you will eventually need help, and there's no reason to spoil your tires by spinning them.

11. Do not bump into curbs or run over them. Tires have not yet been developed to a degree of perfection which permits this kind of abuse without injury. It may pinch your inner tube against the rim, it may tear a cord loose or break it. Then some day, perhaps a month later, your tire blows out and you blame everybody except the person who backed over the curb on his way to get a quick start for work one morning. Likewise, if you have the patience to slow down for rough roads, try it even though your car glides over them without transmitting a bump to the passengers. Modern springs and shock absorbers ease the passenger's ride, but they do not lessen the impact of road irregularities on the tires.

12. If your car begins to steer queerly, slow down, pull off the road, and inspect all four tires carefully, all the way around each one. Often this comes because a tire is preparing to blow. By stopping you not only may find the trouble and by changing tires avoid the personal danger, but also you can often get the tire repaired for small cost if you do not run on it until it blows.

This list of a dozen precautions looks more formidable than it really is. Suppose we summarize it in the fewest possible words: (Continued on page 62)

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THE AMERICAN LEGION NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

FINANCIAL STATEMENT September 30, 1934

Assets

Cash	\$16,518.88
Notes and accounts receivable.....	37,136.81
Inventory, emblem merchandise.....	26,507.62
Invested funds.....	700,406.30
Permanent investments:	
Legion Publishing	
Corporation ... \$584,405.16	
Overseas Graves Decoration	
Trust..... 177,829.88	762,235.04
Improved real estate, Office Bldg.,	
Washington, D. C.....	131,176.65
Furniture and fixtures, less depreciation.....	35,686.99
Deferred charges.....	16,929.92
	\$1,726,598.21

Liabilities

Current liabilities.....	\$164,013.45
Funds restricted as to use.....	13,972.36
Irrevocable Trust:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust..	177,829.88
Reserve for investment valuation.....	93,715.59
	\$449,531.08

Net Worth:

Restricted capital: \$700,405.30	
Unrestricted capital:	
Capital surplus	\$135,972.06
Investment valuation surplus	440,689.77
	576,661.83
	\$1,277,067.13
	\$1,726,598.21

FRANK E. SAMUEL, National Adjutant

Twelve Rules for Tire Health

(Continued from page 61)

1. Maintain rated air pressure; 2. Check new and newly mounted tires more often; 3. Shift your tires; 4. Keep good tires on the rear wheels as well as on the front; 5. Slow down for corners; 6. Brake gently; 7. Keep all wheels aligned; 8. Inspect tires occasionally; 9. Do not drive too fast on hot, dry roads; 10. Start up gently; do not spin your wheels; 11. Keep away from curbs and sharp bumps;

12. Inspect all tires when your car steers queerly.

If you will follow these simple rules, which will cost you very little in time or money, you will save money because you will find that you have to buy fewer tires. And if, perchance, you do not care about tire economies, then observe these dozen simple rules for the sake of your life and the safety of others.

The Voice of the Legion

(Continued from page 37)

that form the operating cliques of all our worthwhile posts. I am further convinced that every Legionnaire of normal mental endowments can join the clique operating his post, his Department or the national organization. He can achieve full clique membership by giving co-operative working support to the program in hand.—Department Commander Fred B. Winter in the Nebraska Legionnaire.

WHY JOIN THE LEGION?

MANY veterans of the World War have said to me in answer to my request to them to join the Legion: "Oh, I don't know. Why should I join the Legion?"

My answer is nearly always some pet phrase that I have taken from a Legion publication and many times I refer to parts of the preamble to the Legion constitution, but if the real reason is to be given the answer comes to you in just one word—SERVICE.

If for no other reason than service to the disabled and to the widows and orphans of deceased war veterans, The American Legion needs no further recommendation. Without the trumpet blare of publicity, thousands of needy cases have been helped through the service officers of over 10,000 posts, and as long as the Legion exists, and as long as there is a single veteran left who through his war service is prevented from properly maintaining his family and himself, the Legion will continue "to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness."—Newark (New Jersey) Legionnaire.

HOW DO YOU RATE?

WHAT is the standing of your post in your community? Did you ever make a survey of the conditions in your community with the idea of learning the particular need which your post could supply?

And then, going further, did you ever make a survey of the eligible veterans of your community, to see what your post might do in interesting those veterans in carrying out the program suited to your individual post?

If not, this is a splendid year to launch such a survey. The program of The American Legion is extremely broad. The field of Americanism alone is devoted to the making of a better citizenship, a citizenship whose aims so often are happily expressed in the making of a better community.

Not even the days of the World War offered a greater incentive to the correct display of the right sort of citizenship. When this unhappy period is finished will your community look to your post with the happy thought of the part it played? The opportunity is there. The effort is extremely worthy the best efforts of all Legionnaires.—West Virginia Legionnaire.

THE BATTLE IN CONGRESS

FOR years the Legion's universal draft proposal, which would take the excess profits out of war and thus considerably reduce the probability of war, has lain in a dark pigeon-hole in a committee room in the national capitol. Some time ago it seemed that this bill might be forced out of committee for an honest vote by representatives of the American people. Though only six out of every 100 Legionnaires have ever so benefited, "Veterans Disability Benefits" became a convenient excuse for a vicious attack on the American Legion which was and is now sponsoring this proposal. Enactment of the National Economy Act threw thousands of entitled disabled out of hospitals and placed in jeopardy even widows' and orphans' pensions. It also temporarily discredited the veterans through a subsidized press, and thus weakened—temporarily—the Legion's influence for the proposal with the American public.

The coming Congressional battle will not be a selfish one on the part of the Legion. It will not be alone over the still-deserving disabled, the widows and orphans this time, but instead will be for all America—the America which veterans have defended with their very bodies and lives, and which private greed has plundered. And through telling of the truth, over a million Legionnaires and Auxiliaries are ready! When greed issues the challenge to this unselfish proposal it will meet a

formidable foe! The challenge this time is not alone to veterans and The American Legion particularly, but to all Americans, without regard to military or naval service.

Your early membership in The American

Legion for 1935 is your enlistment in this great battle for American justice and ideals—in opposition to private, greedy exploitation. And it is a personal challenge—to you and your friends. Stand and deliver!—*Colorado Department Bulletin.*

Advance Men for Santa Claus

(Continued from page 33)

might be confused with Bureau of Engraving and Printing Post which has long been in existence.

This latter Legion post's membership is restricted to World War veterans who work in or who have worked in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, the bureau which prints the Government's money, stamps and bonds. The Government Printing Office does all the rest of the Government printing, including the *Congressional Record*.

Air Pioneers

PHYSICIANS back in the earliest years of this century—it was only three decades ago—were among the country's most enthusiastic motoring pioneers. Rubber-tired buggies went into storage as the doctors began making town and rural calls in one-lunged Cadillacs, chugging Ramblers built like Spanish galleons and other primitive automobiles which saved a lot of time even with the handicap of fixing tires on almost every trip.

Maywood (Illinois) Post reports that it may be up to the physicians now to popularize private ownership of airplanes, just as they once helped make the garage mightier than the barn. It cites as its own favorite aviator, Dr. Robert L. Reynolds, who used his own plane this year to carry Post Commander Cliff Blackburn to Bloomington in the Illinois Department's aerial membership round-up.

"Dr. Reynolds received his flying license

four years ago," writes Otto Lissner, Sergeant at Arms. "He first flew in 1919 at a flying field in England, but his first solo flight was in 1930. He has used his plane regularly on professional trips, and he has made trips to Philadelphia and Boston and other distant cities. He expects eventually to see as many folks flying as are now driving automobiles."

Roll Call

CONTRIBUTORS to this issue and their Legion affiliations follow: Thomas J. Malone is a member of Theodor Petersen Post of Minneapolis, Minnesota . . . Boyd B. Stutler belongs to John Brawley Post of Charleston, West Virginia . . . John R. Tunis is a member of Winchendon, Massachusetts, Post . . . Alexander Gardiner belongs to George Alfred Smith Post of Fairfield, Connecticut . . . Colonel Theodore Roosevelt's membership is in Quentin Roosevelt Post, Oyster Bay, New York . . . John J. Daly is of National Press Club Post, Washington, D. C. . . Dan Sowers belongs to Greenville, Kentucky, Post.

Of the artists, William Heaslip is a member of 107th Infantry Post, Will Graven of Toulouse University Post, and Herbert Morton Stoops of Jefferson Feigl Post, all of New York City . . . Abian A. Wallgren is Commander of Thomas Roberts Reath Marine Post of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

PHILIP VON BLON

Souvenirs Again

(Continued from page 36)

be used as a sucker list—no dues, no buttons or badges, no regular meetings, nothing to sell, give away or barter. At the most, a grand reunion at the nearest beer garden or hamburg stand at any and every Legion national convention. Every man to buy his own!

"There is a comrade living somewhere in the State of Oklahoma who has my first and last names—and for all I know my middle name, too. By mistake in forwarding I received some of his mail while overseas and I would like to meet the comrade personally somewhere, sometime.

"I hope that we will be able to show these bohunks of the Legion that its 'Elmers' are not lost, strayed or stolen—

and last but not least, who really won the war."

MORE and more outfits are forming veterans' organizations or reviving societies started shortly after the war that were permitted to discontinue for want of interest. Each year makes service associations loom larger in the memory. The Company Clerk will be glad to publish announcements of reunions or other activities. Information must be received at least six weeks prior to the month in which the activity is scheduled.

Detailed information regarding the following reunions and other outfit activities may be obtained (Continued on page 64)

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Heartburn . . Sour
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Numerous Legionnaire References

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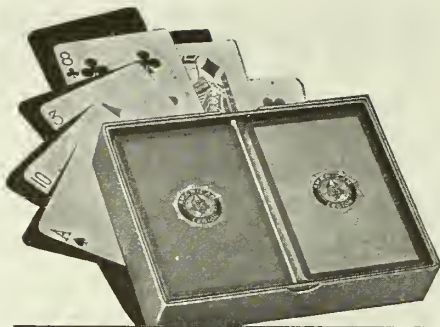
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Souvenirs Again

(Continued from page 63)



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Smart and in excellent taste, the price is very moderate—only \$1.00 for the complete set, two decks packed in an attractive carton as illustrated. One deck is silver and black and the other gold and black—each with edges to match.

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City.....State.....

I am a member of Post No. Dept. of.....

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4TH DIV.—Veterans in California can obtain copy of *Leaf Bulletin* and Verdun medal application blank by sending name, outfit and company, with stamped envelope, to Lewie W. Smith, pres., Calif. Chap., 4517 Marmion Way, Los Angeles.

33N DIV. WAR VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion and convention, Peoria, Ill., Dec. 1 and 2. William E. Keith, secy., 209 N. LaSalle st., Chicago, Ill.

42N (RAINBOW) DIV. VETS.—Annual national reunion and convention in Washington, D. C., July-1935. *The Rainbow Reville* is your paper; write for free copy, stating your outfit. Harold B. Rodier, editor, 717 Sixth st., N. W., Washington, D. C.

42N (RAINBOW) DIV. VETS.—Any veteran having knowledge of name and place of burial of any deceased Rainbow Div. member in California, is requested to forward same to Arthur C. Davis, Memorials Committee, Calif. Chap., Rainbow Div. Vets., 2601 S. Figueroa st., Los Angeles.

77TH DIV. ASSOC.—Membership entitles holder to privileges of clubhouse, 28 E. 39th st., New York City. Send name and address for free copy of *The Liberty Light*. Jack Simonson, 28 E. 39th st., New York City.

91ST DIV. ASSOC., NO. CALIF. SECTOR—For roster, send names, addresses, news of comrades, to Secy. Albert G. Ross, 624 Market st., San Francisco.

91ST DIV. ASSOC., WASHINGTON STATE—To complete roster, send names and addresses to Jules E. Markow, 201 County-City bldg., Seattle, Wash.

33N A. E. F. Div. Hq. CLUB—Annual banquet and reunion, Hotel Morrison, Chicago, Ill., Sat., Dec. 1, 7 P. M. Capt. Will Judy, 3323 Michigan blvd., Chicago.

47TH INF., 4TH DIV.—Men who failed to receive copy of history for which they paid, may have it by writing to J. E. Pollard, 2000 Devon rd., Columbus, Ohio.

52D INF. ASSOC.—Now being organized. Proposed reunion. Paul J. Osman, Westboro, Mass.

308TH INF., 77TH DIV.—Reunion dinner, Governor Clinton Hotel, New York City, Sat., Feb. 23, 1935. J. Steinhardt, treas., 28 E. 39th st., New York City.

Co. H, 112TH INF.—9th annual reunion at Capt. Geary's camp, "The Haunt," Ridgway, Pa., Aug. 8, 1935. Chas. F. Geary, pres., Ridgway.

80TH F. A., 7TH DIV.—Proposed reunion and banquet in conjunction with New York Legion Dept. 1935 convention at Rochester, N. Y. Dates to be announced. Louis Palladino, 128 Wente Terrace, Syracuse, N. Y.

124TH F. A., BTRY. A—Annual badquet, Springfield, Ill., Sat., Jan. 12, 1935. Clarence Lercher, Lincoln's Tomb, Springfield.

306TH M. G. BN., 77TH DIV.—To bring roster up to date all veterans who are not members of the association or of the 306TH M. G. BN. Post, A. L., write to J. P. Mauning, 28 E. 39th st., New York City.

312TH M. G. BN., 79TH DIV.—Proposed reunion Harry Webb, 9577-114th st., Richmond Hill, N. Y. 13TH ENGRS., RAILWAY—6th annual reunion at Memphis, Tenn., June 22-23, 1935. James A. Elliott, secy.-treas., 721 E. 21st st., Little Rock, Ark.

NATL. ASSOC. AMER. BALLOON CORPS VETS.—Annual reunion at St. Louis, Mo., in conjunction with Legion national convention—dates to be announced. Harry S. Resing, comd'g. officer, 233 S. Milwood st., Wichita, Kans., and Carl D. McCarthy, personnel officer, Kempton, Ind.

SAUMUR ARTILLERY SCHOOL, A. E. F.—Proposed reunion of men who attended L'Ecole d'Artillerie Americaine during war. John S. Boyd, 1520 Widener bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

BASE HOSP. NO. 3, A. E. F.—Annual reunion, reception, dinner, entertainment and dance, New York City, Feb. 6, 1935 (anniversary of sailing for overseas.) Bella Trachtenberg, secy., Mount Sinai Hosp., New York City.

308TH FIELD HOSP., 77TH DIV.—Letter reunion. All veterans are requested to write to former Capt. R. Emerson Buckley, 404 Hazleton Natl. Bank bldg., Hazleton, Pa., so he may combine letters and furnish each man who writes to him with a copy

WHILE we are unable to conduct a general missing persons column, we stand ready to assist in locating men whose statements are required in support of various claims. Queries and responses should be directed to the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, 1608 K Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. The committee wants information in the following cases:

U. S. S. *Matsonia*—Men who were with group of 121 soldiers who left Germany at 4 A. M., New Year's Day, 1919, hiked 5 kilometers to station, entrained in two American boxcars for trip to Metz and transferred to train for Paris, for base hospital at Boyce (?) and later to Bordeaux for embarkation on *Matsonia*, to assist Herbert C. ANDERSON.

289TH M. P. C.—Christian R. Smith, Sgt. LIGHTFOOT and others to assist James A. BOTT.

HOSPITAL IN GLASGOW, SCOTLAND—Patients who

recall Ira P. HALL, 126th F. A., 34th Div., during Oct. and Nov., 1918.

161ST DEPOT BRGDE., CAMP MERRITT, N. J.—Men on K. P. detail who recall disability of Pearl S. HART while shouldering sack of potatoes, Nov. 28, 1918.

27TH CAS. CO., CAMP CODY, N. M.—Men who took care of Israel E. HARTMAN while he was unconscious; also Sgts. MARSHALL and SOURS, PVTs. PARTON, Tony LOPEZ, Henry P. GRIFFIN and Ugo of Co. M, 305th Inf., in same case.

12TH F. A., BTRY. D, 2D DIV.—1st Sgt. MATTICE, Sgt. Thomas CHILDRESS and others who recall Louis A. HUBER, cannoneer and driver.

319TH INF., Co. M or SUP. Co., 80TH DIV.—Med., including Lt. OLSON who recall disability of Eliot JOHNSON (formerly of 306th Inf., 77th Div.), who was transferred to outfit just before 4-day hike from Revinne to Villa la Boie. He had come from hospital and legs and feet gave out. Feet badged by medics. Later sent to Sup. Co. of regiment and drove team.

20TH INF., Co. B, and 42N INF., Co. B—Former members between Dec., 1916, and July, 1918, to assist Andrew JACKSON LAFEVER.

7TH INF., Hq. Co.—Members who recall hospitalization of Pvt. F. L. MARKSMAN, 3d Div. Chaplain's clerk, during hike to Germany, 1918.

NAVY, GOAT ISLAND, CALIF., U. S. S. *Yorktown* and U. S. S. *Engraham*—Men, especially corporal of guard who called Raymond McDONALD for 4 o'clock watch, and man who carried his luggage to hospital at Goat Island, 1918; also crew of two ships, especially chief pharmacist's mate on *Engraham*, 1919.

151ST F. A., BTRY. F.—Men, including Sgts. Major BREIMO and BROWNING, Sgt. ALLEY and Cpl. REYNOLDS who recall disability of William J. JOHNSTON while in Baccarat Sector, Feb.-May, 1918.

184TH AERO SQDRN., BENBROOK FIELD, TEX.—Elmer E. BROWN, George PACE, Bed W. ELY, and BREWER who carried Ethel M. PACE to camp hospital when he was stricken on guard duty, and other men who knew of his disability.

158TH DEP. BRGDE., 30TH Co., 8TH TRNG. BN.—Men who recall Kenneth JOE SCHAEFFER, barber, suffering with fever and arthritis during flu epidemic, Camp Sherman, Ohio, Oct., 1918.

125TH F. A.—Men of 75mm. gun crew who recall premature firing of gun on range at Camp Donnavan, Okla., causing ear injury to John M. SCHERING while he was repairing recoil.

158TH DEP. BRGDE., Co. C, DEV. BN. No. 1—Peter REGISTER and others who recall Raleigh V. SCOTT having flu and bronchial asthma, no medical treatment, and doing guard duty in rain.

312TH SUP. TRN., Co. D, 87TH DIV.—Capt. Ralph P. CAMPBELL and others who recall Sam SURDEZ, cook, suffering with pneumonia and laryngitis and confined to camp hospital, Camp Pike, Ark., Jan.-Mar., 1918.

GEN. HOSP. 125, CAMP HANCOCK, GA.—1st Lt. Edward J. SAWYER, Nurse Bertha C. CAROLAN (now Mrs. Bertha C. BURNS) of Ward 31, and others who recall disability of Frederick L. NEWELL, Oct.-Dec., 1918.

26TH INF., Co. F—Homer MINTON, Clay MINTON and others who recall Dewey FRANCIS being gassed.

NAVY—U. S. S. *Vicksburg*, Elmer PETERSON, gun captain; U. S. S. *Frederick and Arkansas*; also C. V. BECK, W. J. B. GEARHART, MOONEY, PURDY or others of group sent to Puget Sound, Wash., and three men who helped him downstairs in YMCA bldg. at Goat Island, Calif.—who recall injury to ears, back and spine suffered by William John LISBERGER.

126TH SPRUCE SQDRN., CAMP NO. 2, LAKE CREST-CENT, WASH.—Men who recall disability suffered by Selmer SWENSON.

SALVAGE DET., Q. M. C., CAMP HOLABIRD, ME.—Maj. Lawrence J. O'DONNELL, Merle B. SMITH and others who recall disability suffered by William WILLNER.

226TH Co., M. P.—Men on detail at Mouchons (Aller) who recall injury to Cpl. H. A. ELLIOTT in motorcycle accident, and treatment by French civilian doctor.

VAN DYKE, Juan, formerly Pvt., Co. A, 27th Inf., Manila, P. I., who lived in San Bernardino, Calif., recently, is being sought so that bond may be delivered.

158TH AERO SQDRN.—Former comrades can assist Eugene D. JOHNSTONE, sgt. 1st cl., in claim account tuberculosis contracted.

U. S. S. *Arizona*—Med of Marine Corps who assisted Pvt. D. C. OPEAN in placing heavy steel gun part, about 3 o'clock one morning in Aug., 1917.

31ST INF., SUP. Co.—Former comrades who recall Sgt. Hugo PETERSON (now deceased) suffering from kidney condition during war, can assist widow.

HEENAN, William, inducted Sept. 5, 1918, at Sioux City, Iowa, sent to Ft. Riley, Kans., is being sought in connection with settlement of estate. Is a railroad man.

U. S. S. *Maine*—Shipmates of Seaman Guard Co., including SCAGGS, KEPNER, BRITTON, BAKER, DONNALLY, Leslie R. EBAUGH, David KIND, Homer WILSON, Dallas Irwin FREEMAN and John Joseph BURNETT who recall ear injury suffered by Emmett Guy MAHANY during target practice at Guantanamo, Cuba, June-July, 1919; also foot disability of same man.

22N ENGRS., Co. F—Former comrades who recall Cpl. Roy R. (Corned Willie) DUGAN, and Cpl. (later Sgt.) Elmer A. DUGAN.

JOHN J. NOLL
The Company Clerk



*The recipe for the perfect Egg-nog is given below

MAKE YOURSELF A BOWL OF Merry Christmas!

THIS year, let's have a real old-fashioned Merry Christmas! An Egg-nog Christmas!

But the egg-nogs must be exactly right. Which means the whiskey in them must be of the best.

Just load up your larder with Paul Jones and you've got a start toward the perfect egg-nog. And toward perfect cocktails and highballs, too.

For Paul Jones is as mellow and kindly as old Kris Kringle himself. For it's made the *only* way truly great whiskey can be made—by

the costly old-fashioned method which Frankfort has used for *four generations*.

Paul Jones is *all straight whiskey*, naturally aged in charred oak barrels in U. S. bonded warehouses under the *most rigid* government supervision in the world.

Get some Paul Jones now and try it. You can be sure of its purity. For it comes sealed in the exclusive Frankfort pack that *must be destroyed* before the bottle within it can be removed.

"Irvin S. Cobb's Own Recipe

Book"—the finest mixing manual ever written—plus \$100 worth of humor. Send 10¢ in stamps for your copy. Address Frankfort Distilleries, Dept. 421, Louisville.

Frankfort makes a whiskey for every taste and purse: FOUR ROSES, Antique, Old Oscar Pepper, Shipping Port.

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* FOR A PERFECT EGG-NOG

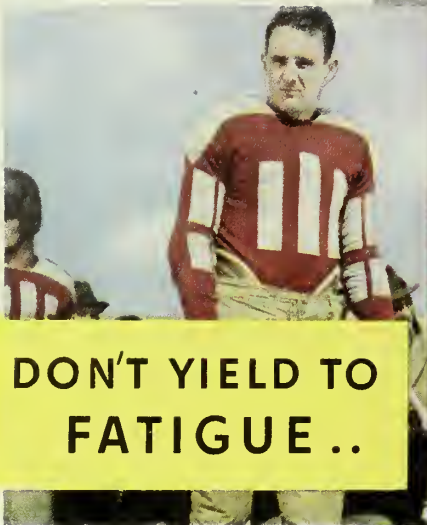
Beat separately the yolks and whites of 6 fresh eggs. Add $1\frac{1}{2}$ cup of sugar to the yolks while beating, and $1\frac{1}{4}$ cup of sugar to the whites after they have been beaten very stiff. Mix the egg whites with the yolks. Stir in 1 pint of rich cream and 1 pint of milk. Then add 1 pint of Paul Jones Whiskey and 1 ounce of Jamaica Rum. Stir thoroughly, and serve very cold with grated nutmeg on each glass. (This recipe makes 5 pints of Egg-nog.)

This advertisement is not intended to offer alcoholic beverages for sale in any state wherein the sale or use thereof is unlawful.

PAUL JONES WHISKEY

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EXPLORER

Capt. R. Stuart Murray, F.R.G.S., says: "I was in Honduras 10 months. Fortunately I had plenty of Camels. They always give me a 'pick-up' in energy. I prefer Camel's flavor, too. They never upset my nerves."



AIR HOSTESS

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SPORTS WRITER

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